

THE MEN
AROUND NIXON

NATIONAL REVIEW

Memo to: Conservatives

From: W.A. Rusher

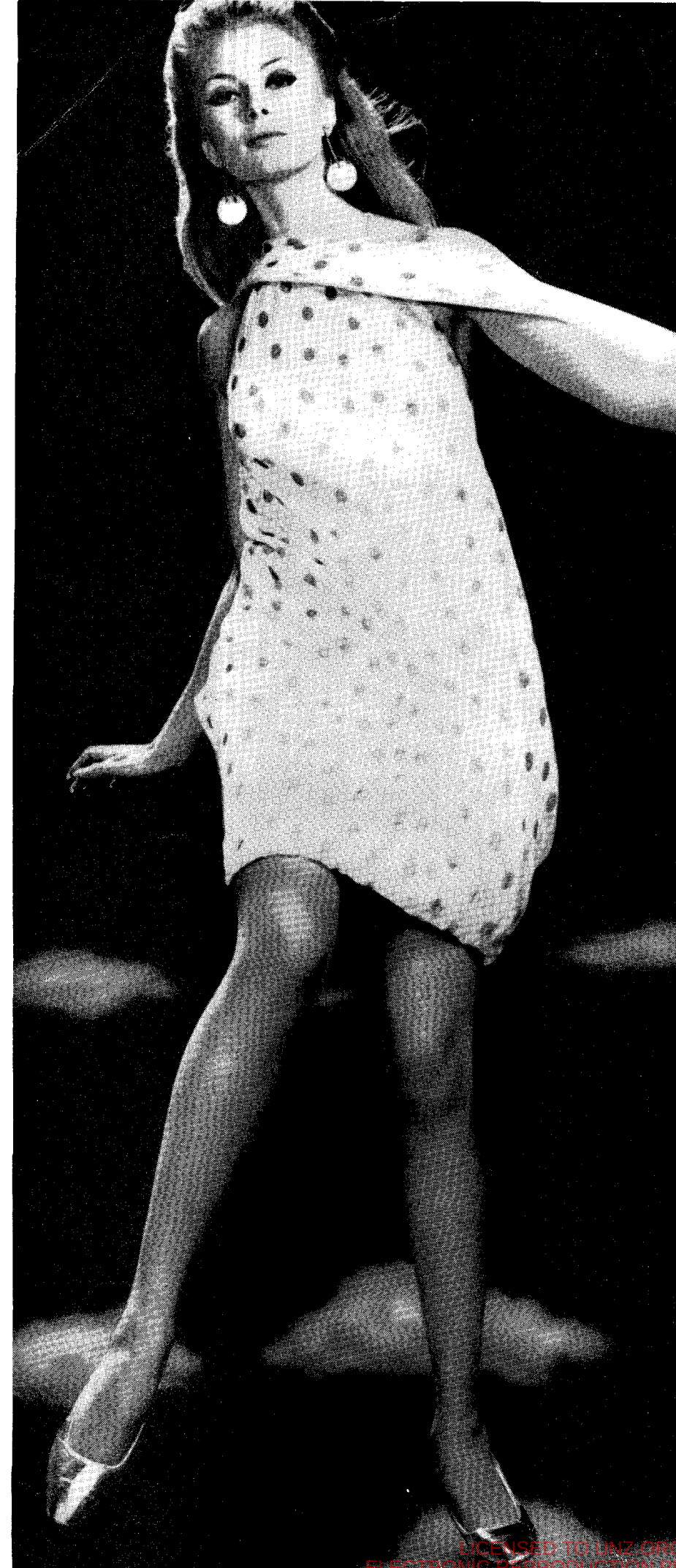
Re: Operation 1968

What, exactly, is expected of conservatives, in return for the nomination of a Presidential candidate of their choice? First and foremost---

Also in This Issue:

TOM SAGE: THE FALL OF ANDREAS PAPANDREOU ♦ KINGSLEY
AMIS: LUCKY JIM TURNS RIGHT ♦ C. H. SIMONDS: WHY PTV?
♦ RUSSELL KIRK: BOOK-BURNING IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY ♦

MR
THE
SHERROD LIBR
E TENNESSEE ST UNIV
PERIODICALS DEPT
JOHNSON CITY TN 37601



**Hosiery that makes you feel
like dancing on a cloud...**

Whether it's hosiery or
panty hose you're wearing
with your new shorter skirts
...you'll love the sheer,
sheer lightness of

AGILON®
STRETCH NYLON

The two-way stretch of
Agilon makes the hosiery
or panty hose cling to your
leg all over. Never wrinkle,
bag or sag. Remember, the
name is

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

Perfect fit at ankle, knee
and calf. Longer wear be-
cause the hosiery or panty
hose stretch *with* you when
you sit or bend. Be sure to
ask for

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

This is the hosiery or panty
hose that makes any leg...
any size or shape...look
noticeably nicer. In your
favorite brand at your fa-
vorite store. Try

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

This fashion miracle that
makes you feel you're
dancing on a cloud was
created by the world's
largest textile research and
development organiza-
tion...

Milliken

©Deering Milliken Research Corporation

The start of a fine home library

Let us send you, for the token price of \$1, three books that have served as cornerstones in many a fine home library.

The complete works of Shakespeare

This beautiful 1300-page volume contains all Shakespeare ever wrote. His poems, sonnets, and all 37 of his comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas, including Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, The Comedy of Errors, etc.

The works of Kipling

Actually eight books in one. A complete novel and 139 stories, ballads, and verses loved the world over . . . including Fuzzy-Wuzzy, Mandalay, Gunga Din, The Phantom Rickshaw and others.

The works of De Maupassant

128 tales by the acknowledged master of the short story. Every story complete and unexpurgated: The Diamond Necklace, A Piece of String, A Wife's Confession, etc.

You will enjoy reading these books, just as millions before you have. Your friends will admire them, perhaps even envy you for owning them. And your children will gain a real advantage from having books like these always close at hand.

We offer you these three luxuriously bound books for only \$1 in order to introduce you to our Giants of Literature Series. We think you will be impressed. And we hope you will want to own others in the Series, as they become available. They will include:

Hugo. 36 complete works, including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls.

Stevenson. 39 novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll

and Mr. Hyde, Kidnapped, etc., all complete.

Tolstoi. 27 novels and stories: Anna Karenina, Kreutzer Sonata, etc.

Poe. 91 works: Anabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, etc.

Ibsen. His daring plays, each uncut, including: A Doll's House, Ghosts, Hedda Gabler, Peer Gynt.

Doyle. All the best of Sherlock Holmes: The Sign of The Four, Red-Headed League, plus others.

Wilde. The Picture of Dorian Gray, Lady Windermere's Fan, The Ballad of Reading Gaol, etc. 91 great works.

Also in the full series: the works of Browning, Longfellow, Dostoevsky, Byron, and many others.

Normally, you would expect to pay a high price (perhaps \$5 to \$10 each) for deluxe editions of books like these. But our direct-to-

the-public method of book distribution (which we have specialized in for over 30 years) lets us make these volumes available to you for only \$2.89 each, plus a few cents postage.

Send no money now. Simply mail the coupon to get your first three volumes for only \$1 and to reserve the privilege of examining future volumes on approval.

Black's Readers Service Co.,
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576.

Black's Readers Service

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK 11576

Please reserve for me the beautiful volumes of The Giants of Literature Series. For no money in advance, send me the first 3 now: SHAKESPEARE, KIPLING and DE MAUPASSANT. Within a week after getting them, I will send you \$1 plus mailing costs for all 3, or return them and owe nothing.

I will then be entitled to get additional volumes, for only \$2.89 each plus shipping. I will get advance descriptions of all future books. I may return any book within a week of receipt. And I may cancel my reservation at any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

OCT 12 '87

**Four masterpieces
(In six volumes)
all complete and unabridged:**

THE FEDERALIST PAPERS
by James Madison,
Alexander Hamilton, John Jay
Introduction by Willmoore
Kendall and George W. Carey
526 pages

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS
(Two Volumes)
by Adam Smith
Introduction by John
Chamberlain 1,044 pages

**REFLECTIONS ON
THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE**
by Edmund Burke
Introduction by Russell Kirk
280 pages

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA
(Two Volumes)
by Alexis de Tocqueville
Introduction by
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
880 pages

SAVE \$29.05

- Bound in Morocco-Grained
Balacron, Stamped in
14-Carat Gold
- Sturdy Slipcase Finished
in Genuine Kivar
- Printed and bound in
The Netherlands by two of
Europe's oldest and most
respected printing houses

- Raised Spine Bands to
Protect Gold Ornamentation;
Mercerized Head and Foot Bands
- Blue Laid Endpapers, Handsome
Red Topstain
- Printed Throughout on Long-Life
Esparto Grass Paper

**A Superb
Christmas
Gift**

Classics of Conservatism

AFTER THE BIBLE itself, these four masterpieces are universally acknowledged as the great books of our heritage...truly the CLASSICS OF CONSERVATISM. For the first time these timeless books are given the permanence, the dignity, the lavish printing and binding that is theirs by right.

And now you can possess them in this beautiful *Heirloom Edition* – not at their regular \$35.00 price – but just \$5.95 with trial membership in the Conservative Book Club. That's a saving of \$29.05!

Worthy of an Honored Place in Your Home

The *Heirloom Edition* of CLASSICS OF CONSERVATISM is a set you will read and enjoy and profit from, a set that will become the companion of a lifetime. Again and again you will return to these volumes, like old and trusted friends. And some day you will pass them along to your children: cherished possessions, a mark of the values you have given them and the country you have worked to keep strong.

Here is the wisdom of our Founding

Fathers – Madison, Hamilton, Jay. The wisdom that gave us the greatest instrument of government in all of the human experience. And today especially, when you read *The Federalist Papers* alongside the irresponsible experiments of the Court, the power grabs of the Executive, the cries of mobs who hoot at our laws, you have a standard to rally to. Willmoore Kendall and George W. Carey had all this very much in mind when they penned the Introduction to this volume. It is called "How to Read *The Federalist*".

Edmund Burke, too, is a man for our time: like us he lived in an age of revolution. He saw intellectuals of satanic arrogance itching to make mankind conform to their blueprints and contemptuous of every value that Western civilization stood for. And he saw what it would all lead to: lawless mobs screaming for blood. Burke shows us in *Reflections on the Revolution in France* why the one inevitably leads to the other – why the people we call Liberals make smooth the path to Auschwitz and Budapest...the Bay of Pigs...Berkeley...Watts.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* proved that free enterprise made sense – and made prosperity. Smith, anticipating the bleeding hearts of our own day, showed how enlightened self-interest helps the underdog more than a dozen "poverty programs".

Democracy in America is fascinating on several levels. It is a picture of our national character that still holds true in many ways: a knowing look at our political and social and religious habits; and, above all, a remarkable analysis of the prospects of freedom in a nation that, even in the 1830's, was moving fast from mixed and limited government to mass democracy. Because Tocqueville liked America and loved liberty, and because his own land had made the easy slide from Liberalism to mob rule to tyranny, he has insights for us that we dare not ignore.

Perhaps the Most Beautiful Set of Books You Will Ever Possess

For this *Heirloom Edition* a special paper was chosen, made from esparto grass whose long, soft fibers produce a sheet much superior to the best wood-

WITH TRIAL
MEMBERSHIP IN THE

Conservative Book Club

*YES—the complete
Classics of Conservatism
in the same 6-volume
HEIRLOOM EDITION
that regularly sells for
\$35.00...now yours for just*

\$5⁹⁵

*when you join the
Conservative Book Club
and agree to take 5 books
over the next 18 months*

FREE EXAMINATION

*Return set if not well
pleased, in which case all
charges and Club
membership will be
cancelled immediately!*

HEIRLOOM EDITION

pulp papers. The covers are fashioned of a base of genuine felted binder's boards. The binding is a rich midnight blue Morocco-grained Balacron.

The spines are ornamented in pure 14-carat gold. To protect the expensive stamping, a technique was borrowed from the 16th-century bookwrights: raised horizontal bands across the spine of each volume. Thus, when your book lies flat, the band elevates the spine a fraction of an inch—enough to keep the gold from suffering wear or damage.

Each volume is fortified with mercerized head and foot bands. Page tops are stained in a striking cardinal red. Each volume is graced with soft haze blue laid endpapers. All six volumes are boxed in their own rugged matching slipcase.

Naturally, materials of fine quality must still be fashioned by masters. The printing is by Drukkerij Bosch, the internationally celebrated printers of Utrecht; the binding by the century-old firm of Proost en Brandt in Amsterdam. We think you will agree that they have given us one of their masterworks.

WHEN YOU REQUEST CLASSICS OF CONSERVATISM on this special offer (at about one-sixth its regular price) you also begin a stimulating experiment in good conservative reading as a trial member of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB.

Once you taste the convenience, the big cash discounts and other benefits of Club membership, we think you'll want to be a permanent member along with 32,000 other alert conservatives throughout the fifty sovereign (though not as sovereign as they ought to be) states.

As a member you receive every month the free Club Bulletin. It describes in elaborate detail the Club Selection and Alternate for the month, and keeps you right up to date on what's new in conservative books, even those you may not have time to read. And you are eligible for very good discounts on those Club Selections you decide to take. Most discounts are about 33%, but they have ranged as high as 75%.

Your sole obligation as a member is to accept 5 books over the next 18 months from among the 35 or more the Club will offer... and to let us know when you don't want a Club Selection on a handy form that is always provided.

There never was a better time to join the Conservative Book Club! You get CLASSICS OF CONSERVATISM at a \$29.05 savings...and if for any reason you are not well pleased, you may return the set. In this case all charges and your CBC membership will immediately be cancelled, without obligation.

Fill in coupon below. Mail to the Conservative Book Club, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB



81 Centre Avenue
New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Conservative Book Club. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections at discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. My sole obligation as a Member is to accept 5 books over the next 18 months from among the 35 or more the Club will offer. Each month you will send me free the Club Bulletin describing Selections and Alternates, any of which I may reject on the handy form provided. If I accept a Selection I need do nothing; it will come automatically.

Check one box below:

- ☐ I enclose \$5.95. Send CLASSICS OF CONSERVATISM, all postage prepaid by you. If I return books after 30-day examination my trial membership in CBC will be cancelled without obligation and my immediate refund will include extra money to cover return postage.
- ☐ No payment enclosed. If I keep the set I will remit \$5.95 plus shipping. Or, I may return the set after 30-day examination, in which case I will owe nothing and my trial membership in CBC will be cancelled without obligation.

NR-72

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ZONE _____ STATE _____

RESTAURANT VOISIN

One of the Great
Restaurants of the World
Presents

THE CLIENT LUNCHEON

For that most important
social or business luncheon,
our courtesy limousine
will escort you and your
guests to the Voisin for
an unhurried luncheon in
quiet, relaxed surroundings.

Prix-fixe \$6.00

FOR DINNER AND
LUNCHEON RESERVATIONS
MICHEL LE 5-3800

Restaurant Voisin
30 East 65th Street
New York City

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to

both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME

(Please print)

ADDRESS

(New address—if moving)

CITY

STATE

ZIP

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO

☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular \$9.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

OCTOBER 17, 1967

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XIX No. 41

1102 The Week

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

1100 To the Editor

1110 On the Right by William F. Buckley Jr.

1111 Notes By the Way by James Burnham

1112 Letter From Athens by Tom Sage

1114 Letter From Africa by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

1115 Operation 1968 by William A. Rusher

1118 The Men Around Nixon by Neal B. Freeman

1120 Letter From London by Anthony Lejeune

1121 Why Lucky Jim Turned Right by Kingsley Amis

1123 Delectations by Nika Standen Hazelton

1124 From the Academy by Russell Kirk

1139 Trans-O-Gram

1142 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

1125 NATO and the Nuclear Deterrent by Stefan T. Possony

1126 Fiction by Guy Davenport

1128 Television by C. H. Simonds

1129 Report on the Periodicals by Peter P. Witonski

1133 Books In Brief

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*

WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors

JAMES BURNHAM ☐ ARLENE CROCE

FRANK S. MEYER ☐ WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*

JAMES P. MCFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*

Associates

M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG

HUGH KENNER ☐ JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

DOROTHY REA ☐ RALPH DE TOLEDANO

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*

Contributors

C. D. BATCHELOR

COLM BROGAN ☐ JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

GUY DAVENPORT ☐ JOAN DIDION

W. H. VON DREELE ☐ DAVID FRANKE

NEAL FREEMAN ☐ NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE ☐ SIR SHANE LESLIE

SIR ARNOLD LUNN ☐ VINCENT MILLER

THOMAS MOLNAR ☐ GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ MORRIE RYSKIND

C. H. SIMONDS ☐ ALEC WAUGH ☐ FREDERICK D. WILHELMSSEN

Foreign Contributors

ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*

ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs* ☐ WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, *At Large*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN

Production Editor: VICTORIA WEHMEIER

Circulation Manager: ANTHONY L. CAMPAIGNE

Office Manager: JOAN A. RASANEN

Advertising Director: JOHN PRICHARD

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1967.



Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: \$16.00 a year (\$9.00 for the 44-page issues, and \$7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

IN • THIS • ISSUE

→ Do you remember the Angry Young Men? They flourished, or rather scowled, about fifteen years ago, principally in England. Among their number was Mr. **Kingsley Amis**, a social critic and novelist (perhaps his most famous tale was *Lucky Jim*), a one-time academic, leftist champion of Olympic caliber and—now—a voting Conservative! We feature here his political confession, as published recently in the (London) *Sunday Telegraph*. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** describes the England that has resulted from the politics against which Mr. Amis has rebelled: an England intensely depressing, in particular depressing “among the sort of people who would otherwise be saving and investing and starting up new businesses.” . . . “**Tom Sage**” is a pseudonym doing business in Italy, who happened to be sipping scotch whisky with Andreas Papandreou in Athens the night before the *coup d'état*. Next day Tom Pseudonym interviewed Papandreou in a cell, “surrounded by grinning guards.” . . . *Ganz zu schweigen* American politics. Herewith two expert reports. Publisher **William A. Rusher** takes a look at the Presidential race from the standpoint of a professional GOP strategist, and concludes that forces that won the nomination in 1964 are not incapable of winning the election in 1968, always granting certain monumental ifs. As we go to press, Mr. Rusher returns from a trip around the world, which he hopes to reorganize in 1972. . . . And Mr. **Neal Freeman**, a former editor of Arlington House now ensconced in the Hearst empire (King Features), reports on the many men who ever so hopefully serve the ambition of Richard Nixon. It's a great team, but for one lacuna from Laguna.

→ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** remarks the continuing revolution inside the skull of Mr. Daniel P. Moynihan, a liberal-intellectual captive of the Establishment who nevertheless keeps shaking his chains. Mr. Moynihan may be the only liberal in America today who notices that the great urban disorders have cropped up in cities where liberals have been in charge since year one. . . . **James Burnham** files a last report from the Great American Road before coming home from a long swing west. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn**, now on his annual lecture trip in this country, writes of Troubled Africa, the only continent since Atlantis to sink without a trace. . . . **Russell Kirk** recently donated several hundred books to his local library. When only half of them showed up on the shelves, “inquiries were made.” It seems they were inflammable, and some librarians like to play with matches. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** takes you on a tour of the delectable byways of that underestimable country, Austria, twice in this century vanquished and overrun, and now rebuilt, blooming, and *gemütlich*.

→ **Stefan T. Possony** reviews, with much favor, a strategic study by the French officer, Gen. (Ret.) Pierre Gallois. It would appear that NATO deserves not so much to be rejuvenated as to be birthed in the first place. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport**, coming up for air from his own literary labor, looks abroad to three novelists, three cultures: the South African, Etienne Leroux, subtle and remote; the naif Czech, Ladislav Mnacko; and the British tip of the iceberg, journalist Ferdinand Mount. . . . **C. H. Simonds** traded his drophead Morgan for a secondhand Sears teevy, and do you know what he's been watching? Read, & weep. . . . **Peter Witonski** winnows the scholastic quarterlies. →

“They laughed when I wound up my shaver...”



That's liable to happen to you when you first use the RIVIERA in front of anyone. A wind-up shaver may seem a plaything. Or at best an emergency type of shaver (because it needs no cords or batteries). After all, how can a hand-cranked shaver rotate fast enough to do a clean and close job? And how many times do you have to wind the darn thing to finish one shave?

One answer at a time: The three-blade shaving head revolves at such a fast clip that it actually gives you **seventy-two thousand cutting strokes a minute!** Compare that to your \$30 TurboDeluxe. Now, about the winding. The palm-shaped body of the RIVIERA (named for its birthplace, Monte Carlo) is filled with a huge mainspring made of the same Swedish super steel used in the most expensive watch movements. You crank the key just like a movie camera (about six turns) and the RIVIERA shaves and shaves and shaves. From ear to ear; from nose to neck, without slowing down. Maintains its full shaving speed right to the end—and long enough to do the complete job. Hard to believe, but really true.

A few more details: The surgical steel blades are so designed that they are continuously self-sharpening. You will find that the more you use the RIVIERA the sharper and the better it gets. The guard is so unbelievably thin (5/100 of a millimeter) that pressure is unnecessary. You just touch the shaver on your face and gently guide it in circular motions.

We could go on. But we don't expect to sell you with words. We just want to get you open-minded enough to tie up \$19 for two weeks. We'll give you that long to put the RIVIERA to the test. If it disappoints you (if you want to return it for any reason), send it back. Your money will be in the return mail. Obviously, we have reason to believe that this won't happen and that you will want to keep your RIVIERA for the office, club, cabin or in a permanent place in your bathroom cabinet. It's that kind of a thing. Once you've tried it you won't let it go.

P.S. You not only save the cost of an electric motor, but you save the cost of repairing it. The money that it leaves in your pocket; the dependability; the good, fast, clean shaves that you'll get—they'll give you the last laugh.

— WRITE OR PHONE —

Mail to: 526 Washington, San Francisco 94111
Phone: (415) 981-5688

☐ Send me the RIVIERA shaver. I enclose \$19.50 (\$18.50 plus \$1 for post. & ins.). I may return it within two weeks if not amazed and delighted. I yr. guarantee for parts and workmanship. (Calif. residents add 5%).

☐ Bill Amer. Exp. Acct. # _____

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

☐ Since the RIVIERA is an ideal gift, especially for servicemen, outdoorsmen and travelers please send one to the names attached (with a gift card).

NR 1017

Haverhill's

OCTOBER 17, 1967 1099

LETTERS

St. Ayn

La - di - dah, what a cover! [NR, Oct. 3] And how La Rand will fume at the implied analogy. My wife intends to make a wall poster of it.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

HUGH KENNER

Thank you very much for M. Stanton Evans' article "The Gospel According to Ayn Rand." I have been studying Objectivism, and reading some of Miss Rand's novels for some months now, and could not put my finger on what exactly was the flaw in her thinking. Mr. Evans' article was the one piece that completed the "puzzle" and made me see the Objectivist ethics and ideas quite clearly, and why religion must be an integral part of Objectivism if it is to ever exist as a working, effective philosophy.

Lombard, Ill.

GAIL LYNN LARSON

Re M. Stanton Evans' "The Gospel According to Ayn Rand," this article is not merely the superficial bit of shallow thinking and slipshod scholarship it appears to be. Mr. Evans refuses to understand Objectivism because he is afraid to understand it. Objectivism's moral code is vastly higher and more exacting than that in which the Christian Mr. Evans is comfortably ensconced.

Lansing, Mich.

LINDA S. TANNEHILL

Like St. Paul?

—ED.

I showed Mr. Evans' piece to our local Objectivist, a retired used-car dealer, and he's in shock. *Laus tibi*, gentlemen, for exposing Miss Rand, Wallace, the Birchers and other swamp fauna—and when may we hope for a genteel dissection of that amusing folly, Moral Re-Armament?

Charlмонт, Mass.

PETER RUGG

Anyone?

—ED.

On Utopia Parkway

Some people who read my book, *Utopia, the Perennial Heresy*, Mr. Wilhelmsen's review (NR, Aug. 22) and Mr. Ferguson's letter on the subject (NR, Sept. 5), have written prompting me to comment.

Messrs. Wilhelmsen and Ferguson 1) state that I do not recognize the Christian heresy in utopianism; 2) regret that I

included Plato and Thomas More among the utopians; and 3) point to my alleged failure to distinguish between generous search for moral-social improvement and planning for dreary utopia.

The very title of my book shows that I do indeed equate utopianism and (Christian) heresy. Number 2 is somewhat harder to answer because a certain fetishism is at work among conservatives when Plato or Thomas More are mentioned. How could *divus* Plato and a saint of the Church be utopians? But bear in mind that the philosopher-king was not only a literary device, it was also the object of Plato's almost lifelong quest that led him to Sicily and even exposed him to dangers. Thomas More in *Utopia* displays all the sterling features of a utopian: he condemns private property and money, privacy of home life (Utopians are compelled to change homes every ten years so as not to grow attached to one), imposes barracks-type schedules on work and leisure, demands permits for travel with fixed day of return, etc. "*Under the watchful eyes of all*, [Utopians] must perform their usual work and enjoy honorable leisure." (My italics.) These could be excerpts from Chairman Mao's little red book.

True, at least half a dozen interpretations of More's intentions are current. But of these the "satirical spoof" theory, accepted by Wilhelmsen, is only one. Mine, based on internal evidence, is different.

Now the last point. It would be indeed ideal to have reliable criteria in distinguishing paradigmatic models from utopian blueprints. While I find Wilhelmsen's self-assurance on the subject unconvincing, I would propose one such criterion: a model is not a blueprint when it gives human nature its due and predicates communal harmony not on ultimate coercion but on individual moral improvement. This would still be quite outside human possibilities, but at least would eliminate the aspects of terror. Until further evidence on my critics part, I must say they offered me not a better model but only rhetoric.

New York, N.Y.

THOMAS MOLNAR

The Londo Case

Thank you for reporting the Dennis R.

Londo case [Sept. 16]. Through community pressure, Judge Max Raskin reopened the case and assigned two investigators to Mr. Londo's domestic situation. Londo meanwhile rented an apartment and set up housekeeping with his mother and younger brother.

The resultant hearing of the investigation led to Lori Londo being returned to her father. Milwaukeeans later saw the young father on late news film speechless with joy. A fairy tale ending?

Not quite. The judge's decision was reluctant and called for state legislation making a child's physical welfare tantamount to other concerns. God help those of modest means.

The watchful citizen must remain alert. Again, freedom has a price and is not a luxury to leave unguarded.

Milwaukee, Wis. JAMES L. JABLONSKI

Moderately Extreme

In "The Week" [Aug. 8] you refer to Louis Heren as the "respected Washington correspondent of the London Times." Respected by whom for what? Certainly not for objective reporting.

Mr. Heren's lengthy analysis of U.S. politics in the July 27 *Times* opened with the ominous words: "Three years after the extreme right seized control of the Republican party . . ." and proceeded to serve up a dish one would have thought unacceptable to the old *Times*. In a simplistic good-guys bad-guys account of the GOP, Londoners learned that "circumstances and logic ought to persuade the party that the moderate wing could best lead it to victory" and that "the extreme Right . . . is no less dangerous to the true cause of Republicanism than it was three years ago."

Shrewsbury, N.J.

R. B. KIMBLE

Experiment

For the past few years I have been conducting an experiment. Near the beginning of each semester, I ask my freshman classes to identify "James Madison, author of some of the Federalist Papers." Results to date: of 179 students in different classes at two universities both very respectable academically, seven students knew that Madison was once President; of these seven, a few knew that he also had something to do with the Constitution—or was it the Declaration of Independents? Lest someone accuse me of being merely "negative," let me propose a constructive step: let's lower the voting age to thirteen, convert more history classes into model UNs and translate the Bible into hippeak.

ROBERT BEUM

Assistant Professor of English
Nebraska Wesleyan University

Lincoln, Neb.

Trans-action

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE AND MODERN SOCIETY

Read regularly by leaders and decision-makers in education, business, government, industry, religion and mass communications.

WHY IS THIS SO?

Trans-action bridges the communications gap between social scientists and the general public.

says *TIME* magazine . . . "rarely are sociological ideas so rapidly translated from print into action, but then *Trans-action* is no ordinary sociological publication. It is written in brisk English.

and *NEWSWEEK* . . . "offers an authoritative, jargonless and well illustrated view of the usually recondite world of the social sciences."

Senator Abraham Ribicoff wrote us . . . "by presenting social science research findings with clarity and precision the editors of *Trans-action* make a vital contribution to the evaluation of old programs and the intelligent formulation of new public policy."

WHY WILL YOU ENJOY AND USE *Trans-action*?

Each issue of *Trans-action* brings you lively and informative articles by nationally known social scientists—plus staff-written reports—on all the major institutional and problem areas of modern life: government . . . business . . . labor . . . education . . . medicine . . . housing . . . welfare . . . law . . . religion . . . race relations . . . social service . . . and politics.

As a subscriber to *Trans-action* you will enjoy thoroughly researched articles on such subjects as—

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ■ The Credibility of American Justice | ■ Hawks, Doves and the Press |
| ■ Violence on the Urban Frontier | ■ Black Power in Mississippi |
| ■ Cuba—Revolution Within a Revolution | ■ Abortion Laws and their Victims |

We cordially invite you to enter your subscription now.

**SEND THIS COUPON
to *Trans-action***
Box 1043a
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri 63130

I wish to subscribe to *Trans-action*

Name _____	Please check
Address _____	_____ Payment enclosed
City _____	_____ Bill me later
State _____	Zip code _____
_____ One year \$6.00	_____ Two years \$11.00
_____ Three years \$15.00	_____ Foreign \$7.50 per year
_____ Student subscription \$5.00 per year	

NRV10-17

The WEEK

● Erwin Griswold, dean of the Harvard Law School, is President Johnson's choice to succeed Thurgood Marshall as U.S. Solicitor General. We give two plaudits and a harrumph. 1) It's nice to know that the office of Solicitor General, having passed from white to black to white, is obviously *not* one of those posts that seem "traditionally" occupied by a white, or a black, or a Jew, or a Catholic: we like posts handed out to quality, not color. 2) Mr. Griswold, though a a knee-jerk civil-rights buff, knows his beans in the law. 3) Mr. Griswold's uneven record of sycophancy for the Supreme Court gives rise to the hope that he will exercise a little influence on Mr. Warren, and maybe even teach him to learn the Constitution good, like a Chief Justice should.

● President, anyone? Why, people are beginning to ask themselves, do Presidential candidates have to come from the ranks of Presidential candidates? *Esquire* has carried the complaint and really run with it. The current issue features the Paradigmatic Candidate, a gentleman, forget his name, from the Middle West, who reads the Bible in Greek, is rich, and very bright, and why not make *him* President? Slightly better known than Mr. *Esquire* is General Gavin, who has more or less announced his availability, stressing his military background, and his putative ability to get us out of the Vietnam mess. The trouble is, General Gavin is a very dovey dove, and is a likelier candidate for the new Left than for the Grand Old Party. And then General Curtis LeMay has raised the point that he too is a general, and if he was elected President either the war would end, or North Vietnam would end, which is a position likelier to commend itself to the GOP than General Gavin's. The whole approach is interesting. It will be interesting to see what happens if either of the generals enters a primary.

● The Committee for Cultural Freedom has got itself a new name (Association for Cultural Freedom) and a new president (Shepard Stone of the Ford Foundation). Will it survive? The choice of Mr. Stone was a rather obvious invitation to the Ford Foundation to fill the shoes of the Central Intelligence Agency, which is forever suspect on the grounds of alleged anti-Communism. Not, by the way, a specialty of Mr. Stone's, who while working for the *New York Times* before going to Ford, specialized in

anti-McCarthyism. The future of the new Association is in doubt. Not that it can't succeed financially—that is as easy as beguiling the Ford Foundation. But will it perform any useful service? There has never been a greater need for liberal anti-Communism. But the new organization is liable to feel that in order to prove its independence of its former patrons, it will have to go in for a stylized anti-anti-Communism. In which case it will, like cultural freedom in Russia, fade away into indistinction.

● Something Noteworthy from over at the UN, which started a new session last month. U Thant's statement about a "crisis of confidence" in the organization's usefulness has opened the floodgates. Sweden's Torsten Nilsson told the General Assembly a week ago Friday that "it is widely felt that the organs of the United Nations seldom arrive at clear-cut decisions and unambiguous positions on really important problems." A *New York Times* reporter observed sagely that "in the opinion of most senior members of the permanent Secretariat and representatives of the smaller nations, the impotence of the United Nations in dealing with crises is the result, primarily, of the rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union." Scoopwise, you can't beat the grey body.

● Nothing Red China can do will ever disqualify her for admission to the UN, in the eyes of some people. She can detonate the filthiest H-bombs, connive in Hanoi's assault upon South Vietnam and upon American soldiers, infiltrate, subvert and terrorize neighboring nations, support guerrilla sabotage in far-flung ones, promote civil disturbances from London to Hong Kong, beat up the British, humiliate the French, unloose a reign of terror upon one-half of her own population while forcing the other half to engage in boot-licking displays of mass idiocy—she can even renounce all interest in joining the UN—and still Some People will come forward annually with the proposal that she be installed forthwith. This year's rite was performed by 26 members of the UN Association of the U.S.A., an organization replete with noble-cause types from government and diplomatic service, business, labor, the press and the academy. Their big point (it is always their big point), that Red Chinese membership was more necessary this year than ever, was both out of tune and out of phase. Dean Rusk had already ruled out the possibility of a U.S. switch on this issue and, a week later, as the UN convened in fogs thicker than usual, U Thant had simply thrown up his hands at the prospect.

● During the Vietnam elections, the Vietcong brought out a 7,500-word policy document, the first

since their ten points of 1960. Communism is now camouflaged by a conciliatory nationalist façade. The Vietcong promise equal treatment for government defectors, similar to the government's own open-arms program; low-interest loans to farmers and peasants; import controls to back a buy-Vietnamese drive; also social security, religious toleration and cautious land reforms (only "United States imperialists and the diehard cruel landlords" to be expropriated). After the imperialists have been defeated and their "lackey puppet administration" overthrown, the Vietcong propose to establish "a broad national, democratic, peaceful, neutral and prosperous South Vietnam and proceed toward the peaceful reunification of the fatherland." Although this program bears only slight resemblance to the actual policy of any known Communist regime, it has apparently been widely distributed and praised throughout the Communist world, including China and the Soviet Union—which shows how genuine its proposals are.

- They splashed it all over the front pages when a subcommittee of the Vietnamese Assembly voted last week to invalidate the September elections because of irregularities at the polls. A full Assembly vote October 3 upheld the balloting, but the liberal press swallowed this bitter pill as grudgingly as possible. The lead paragraph in the *New York Times* story read, "The Constituent Assembly voted by a narrow margin last night to confirm the results of the disputed presidential election." Twenty-one paragraphs down in the story, the *Times* told why the legislators voted as they did. "Discarding the votes from suspect precincts, the Assembly found, increased rather than decreased General Thieu's lead over his nearest rival, Truong Dinh Dzu. Total returns gave President-elect Thieu a margin of 832,441 votes. Subtracting the votes affected by the alleged irregularities, the general's margin grew to 988,081." So who was trying to fix the election?

- Periodically—just before any important election—President de Gaulle solemnly warns his country against the Red Menace. But the warning, so often repeated when it suits the General's purposes, so seldom taken into consideration when he is shaping France's foreign policy, has lost its scare value. Last week French voters trooped to the polls and doubled the Communist representation on local city councils and departmental assemblies. The Communists are far from taking over local government in France but the fact that they racked up nearly 28 per cent of the vote and that the Communist-Left united front held firm against the General's oratory could be significant in the months ahead. In the past, de Gaulle has not hesitated to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and call new elections when things got rough. In-

deed he has been threatening to do so if the Deputies give him too much trouble when the Assembly reconvenes later this month. But will he dare it now? Twice in a row the voters have indicated they are getting tired of de Gaulle's dictatorial ways.

- IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME DEPT. The Czech government has begun its crackdown on rebellious writers in the country. One was removed from the Central Committee last week, and three others were booted out of the party altogether. Henceforward, *Literarni Noviny*, the only stimulating intellectual journal in the country, will be published by the Ministry of Education and Culture. Another note: Alexander Ginzburg, the 25-year-old Russian writer who smuggled out the transcript of last year's Sinyavsky-Daniel trial, is facing a trial of his own. Under arrest since January, Ginzburg will soon go on trial for slandering the Soviet Union. The probable sentence is the same as was meted out to his peers: an unspecified term in a hard labor camp.

- Mrs. Gladys O'Donnell, president of the National Federation of Republican Women, has fallen prey to a queer idea: In a speech she has given more than once now, she calls for the establishment of government-run two-year education camps, operated under strict discipline, providing vocational or academic training for every boy at age sixteen—all compulsory. She says it will make our youngsters shape up. Well, the very nicely shaped up Young Americans for Freedom disagree cordially and have said so in print. YAF, of course, is supporting the Committee for a Volunteer Military, and in that scheme of things there is little room for Mrs. O'Donnell. YAF is in hot pursuit of the lady, seeking clarification.

- It is remarkable that the Vietnam war is the first war this country has fought without benefit of Hollywood. John Wayne found out the hard way: he tried for a year to get Hollywood to make a movie out of Robin Moore's *The Green Berets*, the novel that celebrates the U.S. Special Forces. The studios turned him down, not because patriotic movies are necessarily *infra dig* but because it is the studios' opinion that there are so few Americans who support the Vietnam war that any patriotically bellicose film is bound to flop. The Duke, who dropped a million clams making *The Alamo*, stuck to his guns. Finally the Warner boys took him up, counting on his box-office draw. The film is grinding at Fort Benning, the industry says it'll be a turkey, and we can hardly wait to see it. You're a good man, John Wayne.

- New Horizons for State Snooper: "We can no longer sit back and wait for individual complaints to be filed before we take action," so the New York

State Commission for Human Rights will seize the initiative and go out looking for racial discrimination. HumRiCom has had the authority to initiate complaints for two years, its director said, but has been hindered by lack of manpower. That's all changed now, with the formation of a six-man Special Investigations Unit which in no time at all will mushroom into six hundred threescore and six, and go up and down in the world peeping at keyholes and listening at transoms—all in the interest of protecting some people's rights at the expense of other people's.

- No free marijuana, no Father Groppi, no clashes with police, and of course no national headlines. The occasion was an orderly parade in honor and support of our troops in Vietnam; the place, Cincinnati; the inspirers, an ad hoc Committee for Action by Teens. The Mayor was on the reviewing stand, the *Cincinnati Enquirer* endorsed the event, and a nice crowd of unsponsored teen-agers turned out. The rent-a-crowds of CORE, BORE, SANE, INANE etc. stayed away. Nothing special about these young Americans giving dignified and unrancorous voice to their opinions. But we thought you'd like to know.

- It has happened so often recently it only rated one paragraph in an AP report. "Rioters smashed windows, stoned vehicles and battled policemen for more than an hour tonight in the nearby slum areas. It was the third straight night of such disturbances. About 2,000 men, laborers and jobless residents, roved the streets for more than an hour. Eighty were arrested on charges of interfering with the police and violating traffic regulations." It was all a part of Tokyo's long, hot summer.

- James A. Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California, says he has communicated with his son, a suicide, through a medium named Fletcher.—News item.

The MacLuhan of the cloth found no message in Te Deum,
Traded See for seance, found the Message in the Medium.

The Emperor's New Face

Achilles emerges from his tent to do battle with the Nervous Nellies. Instead of sulking over criticism, the President is now ready to offer vigorous if not always convincing defense of his Vietnam policy. His most extensive statement so far, at San Antonio, Texas, indicates the tenor of what will become increasingly campaign speeches. The central statement of American purpose remains intact and formidable. We have a commitment to South Vietnam through

three Presidencies (though the dicta of Eisenhower and Kennedy as quoted by LBJ clearly do not entail the dispatch of half-a-million troops). We have the support of the Asia-Antipodes arc from Thailand to New Zealand. We have hard evidence for the domino theory in the presence of Communist guerrillas in Laos, Thailand, Burma and Indonesia.

But if the purpose remains the same, the President's analysis of the situation has become significantly more complex. The simple threat of Communist aggression is now entangled in "a mixture of political turmoil, of poverty, of religious and factional strife, of ancient servitude and modern longing for freedom." The President's assessment of progress has also changed. He has switched emphasis from the notorious McNamara/military statements of the last few years that victory was just around the corner to the more cautious proposition that Hanoi nearly won in 1965 and that we are now rather more than holding our own. As for the conditions for peace talks, the President's quid pro quo for cessation of U.S. bombing of the North is no longer a specific end to Northern infiltration but a wider and vaguer assurance that "this will lead promptly to productive discussions" and that "while discussions proceed, North Vietnam would not take advantage of the bombing cessation or limitation."

This gentler diplomatic posture entails no change of substance in the American preconditions but it



"According to our latest survey, your popularity appears to be declining among the people."

appears more peaceful. Similarly, the President's new claims about the progress of the war, which cannot immediately be contradicted (who can say just how close Hanoi was to winning two years ago?) *appear* more reasonable and truthful. And the Churchillian reiteration of our commitment to Southeast Asia is designed to *appear* more steadfast. No new solutions, political or military, have been offered, but the President is bestirring himself to put a better face on the old solution. As the three accusations most commonly made against him are that he is war-crazy, that he is untruthful with the public and that he lacks the courageous style the people expect in their President, it is clearly high time for such a facelift.

The Defection of Senator Morton

Senator Morton has dramatized the indecision of the GOP. Others who had spoken in doubt of the Vietnam war one thought of in the Party as world-opinion types: Senators Hatfield, Aiken, Case, Cooper, who tend to fear above all earthly things the displeasure of the United Nations. But that isn't the case with Senator Morton, who faces re-election in Kentucky next year and, as former national chairman of the Republican Party, has great prestige among the orthodox. He has a readily communicable line: it was a mistake boys, and if it makes you feel any better, they took me in too. It is left for the reader to infer that there is no shame in being taken in by the same confidence men who took in the keen-minded, hypocrisy-penetrating, Yale-educated mountaineer from Kentucky.

They took in Senator Morton. That line, on top of everything else, is a lifeline to George Romney. Until Senator Morton spoke it, no one had adequately formulated a way to bail out Mr. Romney, who complained of having been brainwashed. Senator Morton's formulation is much more useful because it does not pre-suppose a preternatural innocence, not to say dullness, on the part of the mark. What the Senator says is that the estimates of the Administration and of the military have turned out to be wrong, and that under the circumstances, the premises of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution are undermined. You end up having come to about the same conclusion as George Romney has come to; but without giving the impression that you went through a few days' briefing by good military PR types in Saigon and came out merchandising War in Vietnam.

Mr. Richard Nixon has a sharp eye on these developments, and if they augur a fault line in Republican geology, Nixon is through. So very probably is the Vietnamese enterprise and anti-Communist resistance in Asia. To say nothing of the end of the adage that no one should get on the peace side of

the incumbent in a Presidential election year.

Anti-Anti-Vietniks at Work

The Left—old, new and middle-aged—has scheduled massive anti-Vietnam war demonstrations in Washington, D.C. October 21 and 22, to include a "nonviolent siege" of the Pentagon and "attacks" on other government buildings. Fortunately, there will be opportunities for dissent from the dissent: the newly-formed National Committee for Responsible Patriotism is organizing a variety of events in all fifty states and Puerto Rico, on the theme of "respect for law and support for our fighting men and women." Big effort is "Operation Gratitude," to take the form of homecoming ceremonies for servicemen returning from Vietnam just before or on the weekend of October 21-22. Local offshoots of the NCRP are also planning, variously, "Support Our Boys" parades, vigils in support of servicemen, and ceremonies in honor of outstanding policemen and firemen, highlighting the "respect for law" theme.

On the big weekend, the Committee urges everyone to fly the flag, keep car headlights on during the day, and keep a light burning in the window through the night of October 21. According to Charles Wiley, freelance newsman and director of the Committee, there will be no attempt to interfere with or compete with the leftist doings—indeed, a parade organized by a D.C. affiliate of the group was canceled to avoid clashes. To find out what's doing in your area October 21-22, contact the Committee at the Commodore Hotel, 109 East 42nd Street, New York City 10017 (212-684-0640).

Pols Here and There

George Romney got brainwashed again. You remember that trek he took through the urban jungles? Well, he up and announces that "there is as much talent in the ghettos as in the suburbs." Actually there's more. It was a nonpolitical tour.

Nelson Rockefeller, continuing to calibrate the nuances of his non-candidacy, has petted a few doves to see how they coo. Specifically, he has allowed a few members of the workaday press to dally with the notion of Rockefeller's abandoning his years-long support of the U.S. position in Vietnam, in favor of a much more "flexible" approach. The theory is that if Rockefeller doesn't haul in too much grump mail on the idea, he'll come out for the Negotiations Now jazz, and become the Republican Bobby. Despite everything you hear, Rockefeller is running harder than ever in his life.

Richard Nixon is almost as active in his non-candidacy as Rockefeller. His campaign crew (see Neal Freeman's article, this issue) is ample, gifted,



Fifty Years of Soviet Communism

—A Literary Tribute

—A Country by Country Report

and eager; his access to East Coast money-faucets is immediate; and his clandestine maneuverings are legion. He has been moving up in the polls, by the way. A couple of weeks ago Gallup reported that Nixon held a two-to-one lead over Rockefeller among Republican voters.

Ronald Reagan keeps coming on. Now that Evans & Novak have teed off on him, it was time for Drew Pearson to join the hoohaw (Pearson lit into Reagan for being all things to all men). Reagan's performances in Illinois and Wisconsin have left the professionals gasping for breath. A new line is developing: if Reagan is all that good, why doesn't he come out openly and run in the primaries? The idea is to fake him out into the open and then murder him. But with virtually every other GOP possibility hiding behind the Tussaudian Romney, afraid of peaking too soon, there's little chance Reagan will rise to the bait.

Charles Percy bids fair to get the favorite-son vote of the Illinois delegation to the 1968 GOP National Convention. He has been lying sort of low and will continue that popular tactic.

Harold Stassen.

They

They label jellied gasoline
Uncouth; uncivilized; obscene.
They violently disagree
When bombers maul the DMZ.
Haiphong is sacred; so's Hanoi.
When fighters fly near China, boy!
The cauterwauling conjures up
A pekinese about to pup.
However, when South Vietnamese,
Eviscerated neck to knees,
Appear (as "filler" in the news)
They never, ever, sing the blues.

W. H. VON DREELE

De Gaulle on America

We have it from a friend who has it from a friend of Charles de Gaulle: what is bugging the General. De Gaulle has for several years now greatly vexed us. He has destroyed alliances, upset balances of power,

spoken about us contemptuously as "the other hegemony," as if there were left no grounds for distinguishing between our own historical mission (which is to resist), and Russia's (which is to conquer). And his attitude has been all the more puzzling because de Gaulle would appear to be the quintessential conservative, loving God, country, and family. How could he, then, fail to love the United States?

Here is the answer. De Gaulle's misgivings about the United States had already begun, but when John F. Kennedy was shot down by Lee Harvey Oswald, de Gaulle began confiding to his friends that, in his estimate, the erosion of values in America had gone to landslide levels; that the rifle shot fired in Dallas was heard in the heavenly spheres and was just the beginning, the beginning of an age which would see the destruction of the United States by violence.

It is needless to note that the anarchy of the past months tends to confirm the General's thesis. And it is no good asking de Gaulle why one demented assassin whose aim was true in Dallas means something about the United States at large, whereas the several not-so-demented assassins manqués who three times ambushed but failed to kill President de Gaulle a few years ago say nothing at all about France, not to mention the plastiqueurs. One does not debate with Charles de Gaulle, and in any case what concerns us here is not whether de Gaulle's estimate of America is correct, but what is de Gaulle's estimate of America.

The way it is in America, de Gaulle tells his intimates, is that we are through. Our society has broken down. It has broken down because of a con-fluential collapse of family (see the divorce rate, see the rate of illegitimacy, see the broken homes); of church (see the new skepticism, the Playboyism of American theologians); of patriotism (see the growing popular resistance to the war in Vietnam, resistance which is traceable less to a specific opposition to the war in Vietnam, than to a general unwillingness to exert oneself greatly for a country one doesn't particularly love). For Lyndon Johnson, de Gaulle has little respect, believing that Mr. Johnson has got his country hopelessly involved in an area in which we cannot impose our will, in part because of the practical problem of subduing a tenacious bunch of Orientals, in part because our own will is lacking in credibility, hence in force.

And he believes—most painful blow of all—that the probabilities are against our finding a solution to our racial problem, or even a *modus vivendi*. Once again he cites the collapse of the family. A recent dispatch in *Le Monde*, believed to have fortified de Gaulle's convictions, cites American ideologues' refusal to listen to the arguments raised by the Moynihan Report pointing to the dissolution of the Negro family as being the center of the problem. *Le Monde's* correspondent observes that even Patrick Moynihan

From the Hip

Duplication. A Way to Escape!

ROBERT M. PATRICK

Problems are made to be solved.

Just the other day, I had a problem. Bill Buckley buzzed me to say that he had just got back from a trip (to California and points West) and on that trip he had made some speeches, and after one speech a listener came up to him and said: "Mr. Buckley, I've subscribed to NR since 1955, and do you know that I have just received *five*—count 'em, five [here he flourished five letters] separate subscription requests from your magazine?"

"Bob," said Bill, "I want you to hot-foot it down to Promotion and find out what goes on."

"Good idea!" I ventured, and off I went (delay, I find, is a waste of time).

Frankly, this columnist was rather surprised by what he found.

In the first place, the fellows down in Promotion *weren't* surprised. They already knew about it.

"What kind of people do you suppose we're looking for, Bob old man?" said one of the fellows (we're on very friendly terms here at NR).

"Oh, I dunno," I shot back. "Conservatives mainly, I should guess."

"Right!" he quickly agreed. "And how do you suppose we find 'em?"

"No doubt by looking for them," I countered (I'm not much for this "'em" business myself).

"Right again," he opined. "And the traditional way—mind you, we're not tradition-minded down here, but these are the facts—has been to search for such people through the mails. And that means sending out quite a few invitation letters like the one Mr. Buckley's friend received."*

"But this gentleman received *five*."

"Granted, but consider: do you suppose we want just plain old conservatives—or the very *best*—the very people most likely to be on *more than one* conservative list! Perhaps you didn't know, but we have no way of checking other people's lists against our own. We certainly wouldn't let *ours* be checked by anybody, would we? It *seems* wasteful, Bob, but actually, even if we *could* check such lists, it would cost a fortune. Prohibitive is the word to use. NR certainly can't afford it. The people we most want to



Patrick

reach are the very ones *most likely* to be annoyed by getting more than one letter."

"I never knew all this," I rejoined.

"Knowledge is the beginning of wisdom, Bob. The question is, what do we *do* about it?"

New Idea Needed

"What we need," he flowed on, "is a *new* idea—a fresh approach to the problem. We already urge readers who receive extra subscription invitations to pass them on to friends. Great abstract idea, of course—but concretely, not everybody does it. And people *do* get annoyed, no doubt about it. Now *you're* a bright fellow, Robert! Maybe *you* can come up with a new idea?"

Perplexed, I retraced my steps to Editorial. To this challenge, what response? I'll tell you, I gave those Worry Beads a workout! And sure enough, it hit me: If we could reach the people we want by *word of mouth*, we wouldn't have to mail so many letters! Everybody would be happier: we would save money, conservatives would be spared annoyance, the Post Office could breathe more freely—what could be better?

"Gosh, Mr. Patrick, that's pretty good! But who can we get to talk to them?"

I had the answer for *that* one: "Young man, don't sell our own readers short. Have you lost sight of the simple truth that loyalty begins at home? Don't you see that our own readers know the kind of people you're looking for *better than you do* yourself? Don't be too proud to ask their help, humbly. Tell them to introduce their friends to NR. They'll come through, you'll see!"

I told him to let me know the results, *pronto*. Actually, I *am* a bit nervous (but I say to myself: "Keep the Faith, Bobby"). So concerned, in fact, that I ghosted the card-facing-this-page myself, and checked to see that it tears out easily. It does; just fill it out, grip it firmly at upper right-hand corner, rrrriipppp, and mail.

Later, I had a mind to tell them to add something about how much more valuable NR is now—with Politics '68 heating up, etc.—but no, that would be larding the lily.

* I think he meant to say "such as" Mr. Buckley's friend received, but these Promotion fellows are always in a hurry—like good Promotion people should be, they would add.

Focus on

WASHINGTON

◆ Credit representative Armistead I. Selden (D., Ala.), with backing down the foreign aid lobby in that recent House-Senate conference fight over auditing of Inter-American Development Bank funds. Issue at stake was whether contributor nations have a right to know where, when and how their money is being spent on IDB-subsidized projects. Sounds reasonable enough. But by the time the lobby was finished making its case, through the *New York Times* and Senator Fulbright, Selden's insistence on auditing was made to appear a kind of fiscal gunboat diplomacy. The controversy opened last fall when the Alabama congressman, who is chairman of the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs, traveled through Latin America on an inspection tour of United States aid-financed projects. Disturbed over what he viewed at some project sites, Selden asked IDB fund administrators in the area for a breakdown of loan expenditures but was refused on grounds that nothing in the loan contract required such an accounting. Back in Washington Selden took the matter up with IDB headquarters, but was informed by Latin American officials that the request for an audit was a reflection on the "integrity" of borrower countries. At that point, Selden began drafting an IDB Funding Bill amendment. His aim: to require that the U.S. representative on the Bank's Board of Directors insist on a comprehensive audit of loan funding expenditures, to be made available to all member nations. When the Selden Amendment was approved by the House the IDB's operatives, with the help of House conferee William Widnall (R., N.J.), succeeded in getting the amendment eliminated from the House-Senate conference report. Enter now the State Department with a request that Selden drop his insistence on the amendment so that the conference bill could be signed by the President at upcoming ceremonies with Latin Dignitaries. Selden refused, dug in, and took the fight to the House floor where he asked his colleagues to vote down any IDB bill without the loan audit provision. The House overwhelmingly backed the Subcommittee chairman and the Senate then agreed to the amendment. A slur, said the *Times*, on the

IDB's integrity. Nevertheless Selden now intends to press for similar amendments requiring comprehensive auditing of U.S. development loan programs in other areas of the world.

◆ Over-promoted at the outset of her career in government, Mrs. Leslie Midgley is having a difficult time moving out of the deep freeze in her job as the President's adviser on consumer affairs. The appointment of Mrs. Midgley, better known as Betty Furness, was one of those publicity grab-bag surprises LBJ enjoys pulling on the Washington press corps, just to hear the oohs and aahs or, in Mrs. M's case, the arrghs. Her only prior governmental experience consisting of opening refrigerator doors on camera at three consecutive national political conventions, Mrs. Midgley was considered an unlikely, if headline-making, choice to succeed Mrs. Esther Peterson, LBJ's original consumer advisory. Capitol commentators came down hard on the President's new appointee, branding Mrs. M. pro-Business and thereby not attuned to consumer interests as defined, of course, by liberal commentators. Placed on the defensive, the new appointee over-reacted by hiring a team of Peterson-style speechwriters. The result: a series of public pronouncements that have brought relations between the White House consumer affairs office and the business community to a chilly new low.

◆ The House Intern program is in serious trouble following a summer of smoldering relations between congressmen and students assigned to their office staffs. In addition to the Vietnik petition drive spotlighted by Representatives Robert Michel (R., Ill.) and H. R. Gross (R., Ia.), members were agitated by other examples of new leftist arrogance, from intern protests against individual member votes on key issues to plain bad manners. Breakdown in communications traces to differing views on why student interns are here in the first place. Most members were under the misapprehension that the collegians had come to learn how government operates, while many '67 interns seemed to believe they had been sent to operate it. The final blow may have come when President Johnson, ostensibly the program's host, didn't speak to the intern assembly, as had been the custom in past years. The reason: talk of a mass walkout if the President showed up.

—CATO

was dismissed as a racist in influential quarters, suggesting the continuing pre-eminence of abstraction over reality—which is the crux of the American difficulty.

De Gaulle believes that our obsessive concern with ideal democracy will prove the likeliest cause of our demise as a great nation; certainly it will prevent us from making advances on the racial problem.

Our prodigious gross national product, de Gaulle reasons, our fancy technology, cannot overcome the disease America suffers from. Thus viewing us, de Gaulle's foreign policy is appropriate. If that's the

way we are, then France should not bank on us.

Of course, it isn't the way we are. And one would think that André Malraux, his closest consultant, would look around and report back to de Gaulle. If he looked, he would detect as much heroism among Negro and white Americans in Vietnam, and in the ghetto areas, and even in the academies, as he celebrated in a novel—*Man's Fate*—which, for all the penumbral gloom of it, stirred the optimism of a generation of intellectuals, caused Albert Camus to write about the revolutionary who is tossed half alive into the boiler of the locomotive, "*Il faut sup-*

poser Katow heureux": one must suppose that, in dying even thus, Katow was happy. So also, in that sense, America remains a nation of high morale, a nation that will bury de Gaulle.

All About the SDR

The International Monetary Fund, at its recent meeting in Rio de Janeiro, adopted unanimously (106 to naught) the new proposal for the creation of additional and non-gold monetary reserves. They will be called Special Drawing Rights, or SDR for short. But don't hold your breath for the plan to go into effect. Now it must be ratified by the legislatures of 106 member nations of the IMF. Treasury Secretary Fowler thinks it may be spring of 1970 before the nations have acted, enough of them to get the ball rolling.

Once the plan has been approved by the (weighted) vote of 85 per cent of the IMF members, the IMF will have the authority to make additions to national reserves, such additions to be merely bookkeeping transactions involving the creation of Special Drawing Rights to the tune of about \$1 billion a year. Since the U.S. votes 24 per cent of the IMF "stock," the U.S. stands to gain \$240 million a year in SDR. Participating countries will be bound to accept SDR as valid international payment in quantities up to two times their SDR quota.

The U. S. has been pushing this scheme for four years. Obviously it holds out the promise of providing additional non-gold means of settling the U.S. international deficit. The European countries are particularly reluctant to go on financing the U.S. deficit, as they have in recent years, by stockpiling dollar-claims in their central banks and refraining from cashing them in for gold (which even the IMF recognizes as still the ultimate international money). Hence the prospect is that the Common Market countries will not ratify the new plan until they are satisfied 1) that the U.S. has put its international accounts into balance and will not therefore have to lean on the SDR as a new monetary crutch, or 2) that, because the U.S. is unable to achieve payments balance, Europe *en bloc* will acquire enough additional voting power within the IMF to frustrate any plans the U.S. may have of using the SDR as a new instrument for internationalizing our inflation.

Although the SDR has been talked up as a "substitute for gold," what it is actually is a substitute for the U.S. dollar-claim. These dollar-claims have piled up in such profusion abroad, and are obviously convertible into gold at such a high price in official static and ill will, that they are growing more and more useless as a means of international payment. Foreign bankers were willing to go along with the SDR plan because they, too, could use a convenient

route of escape from a monetary system built up too heavily on a deteriorating currency.

What does the future hold? Probably disappointment. The SDR, if expanded rapidly enough to finance the whole U.S. deficit, will become as undesirable as the U.S. dollar-claim and for the same reason. If the SDR is expanded only modestly (as seems certain), then the U.S. remains unable to finance its deficit without undermining the Western monetary system.

Hallelujah, Amen!

"Business is the least segregated, least discriminatory, most fair, of the areas of our society—better than education, religion, unions or government." So spake Dr. Kenneth Clark (psychologist, educator, Negro) last week, in a plea for business and industry—"our last hope," he called them—to aid the cause of Negro progress and racial harmony. The day before, he told a gathering of Negro public officials in Chicago that the ghetto masses "see the advances of middle-class Negroes as being at their expense, or obscuring their plight, or, at best, not being in any way relevant to . . . their dehumanizing predicament." His solution: private enterprise must build middle-class Negroes, the way the Marine Corps builds men.

Dr. Clark makes a flock of good points, many of them at the expense of labor ("I just don't buy labor's liberal role politically at all, because it certainly has not been liberal in the area of race relations"), education (business pays taxes to finance "criminally inferior" schools that turn out "functional illiterates") and government (promises, promises). His basic contention: "Riots increase in frequency with an increase in civil rights legislation. When government promises people things which are not delivered, you are increasing their rage. . . . Business has to give these people an investment in stability." And (did he say it wryly?) "government cannot do the job alone."

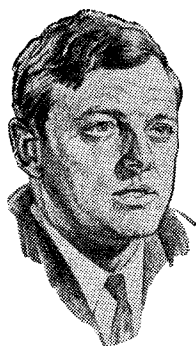
The good doctor is right. It is a private entrepreneur in Florida who, successfully, provides homes for lower-income Negroes for \$150 down and \$64 per month—a better solution to the housing problem than huge dead-end public housing projects. It is the private insurance industry, not the Social Security Administration, that has pledged \$1 billion for investment in slum housing. Private operators are leading the move to rehabilitate run-down neighborhoods instead of bulldozing them. In the area of jobs and job training as well, business—because it is more dynamic and more flexible than federal bureaucracy—can help, and is helping. The job, of course, has just begun—but the mere fact that business and Dr. Clark are thinking in the same modes is a sign of great hope.

Moynihan at the ADA

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

The Americans for Democratic Action met over the weekend, and the meeting ended with the usual irritating irrelevancies. It was the same, old, reliable bore, except for the appearance of Daniel P. Moynihan who, although a PT-109 liberal, is saying some of the most interesting things being said these days in public life, most strikingly that the liberals have a good deal to learn from the conservatives with whom they should, here and there, make common cause.



Buckley

He called his talk "The Politics of Stability" and its theme was that if the United States is going to survive, somebody had better inquire into the politics of stability—which "are not at first exciting. It is only when we come to see how probably our national life is at stake," he concluded his speech, "that the game acquires a certain interest."

Mr. Moynihan, though a passionate man by nature, tends to shy away from apocalyptic rhetoric. He nevertheless believes that so serious is the crisis that liberals have to decide whether, as the New Left believes, liberalism is about to go up in smoke, ushering in a new ideology; or whether liberalism can tuck away its superstitions and get down to the nitty-gritty of achieving stability and progress. His own feeling, and I concur, is that the single most urgent problem at home is to abort the threatening union between the young Negro revolutionaries, who are few in number, and the class of Negro dispossessed and disenfranchised, who number in the millions.

To this end, Mr. Moynihan makes a number of electric recommendations, electric at least to those who heard them. "Liberals must somehow overcome the curious condescension which takes the form of sticking up for, and explaining away anything, however outrageous, which Negroes, individually or collectively, might do." Here is Magna Carta for liberals, some of whom, for instance Harry Golden and Theodore Bikel, could only bring themselves to resign from SNCC when it turned anti-Semitic a few weeks ago, never mind that it was over a year ago that SNCC brought in Stokely Carmichael as its chairman.

At another level, Moynihan pointed out the difficulties of making progress by reason that anyone who reasons at the tactical expense of the Negroes is going to be denounced as a strategic racist. He gave the example of Dr. James Coleman, who is now getting the treatment because his study reveals that it is less the inferior quality of the schools that is injuring Negro education, than the demoralized and anti-intellectual atmosphere of their homes.

Get Over Centralization Idea

And then Moynihan touched on the liberals' addiction to centralization. Get over it, he counseled. "In domestic affairs, we have got to become a great deal more rigorous in the assessment not only of the reality of problems, but the nature of proposed solutions. We have to pay attention to what it is we are good at, and to work from strength. The Federal Government is good at collecting revenues, and rather bad at disbursing services."—And then: "If state and local government is to assume an effective role as an innovative and creative agent, it simply must begin to receive a share of federal revenues on a per-

manent, ongoing basis. Let us be frank: the original, determining opposition to this proposition has come from liberals, not conservatives in Washington, and we should be ashamed of ourselves." Anything we conservatives can do to help, just holler.

Businesslike Entente

And then finally, and courageously, having acknowledged that the mess in the cities and the mess in Vietnam are the doings of liberals in power ("These things may not be our fault, but in a world not overmuch given to nice distinctions in such matters, they surely must be judged by our doing"), he suggests an entente not exactly cordiale with the conservatives, but at least businesslike.

The liberals, Mr. Moynihan concludes, must "see more clearly that their essential interest is in the stability of the social order, and that given the present threats to that stability, it is necessary to seek out and make much more effective alliances with political conservatives who share that concern, and who recognize that unyielding rigidity is just as much a threat to the continuity of things as is an anarchic desire for change."

There is a great deal, some believe, that Mr. Moynihan has yet to learn in order fully to emancipate himself, but that was as good a day's work as any since Ray Moley took a second look at the New Deal and lammed out of Washington on the first train. The liberal press is constantly garlanding any Republican who shows the courage to follow his conscience athwart ideological presuppositions, as when the opinion press recently flipped over Senator Thruston B. Morton changing his mind on Vietnam. It will be interesting to see how they treat Patrick Moynihan.

Notes By the Way

JAMES BURNHAM

Bozeman, Montana

Question to the very old, very shrewd lady from Louisville, revisiting with her badly crippled but alert husband the region where they first met in the year before World War I: "How do people in your state feel about the President these days?"

Instant answer: "We don't like him."

Question: "Who'd you vote for instead of him next year?"

Just as instant: "Anybody, except a Negro."

To the man from Charleston, raising cattle again on a South Carolina plantation after a career as construction engineer with a Pittsburgh steel firm: "How many of the people down your way are for Wallace?"

Measured answer, after a re-confirming look at his wife: "Most of us are going to vote for Nixon or Reagan if one of them gets nominated. Otherwise, Wallace."

In spite of the mischievous "except a Negro" crack, the Kentucky couple were moderately liberal, brought up Democratic but not firmly committed to either party; of the kind that admires "a good man regardless of party." Both approved their state's Republican senators, and had rejected Goldwater because of his "extremism." The Charlestonians were Democrats born and bred, and generally conservative. But the negation of Lyndon Johnson was identical, and total, in the two cases.

Pro Johnson Sentiment Nil

I reported in *NR's* last issue my impression of the bitterness against Johnson in the liberal-to-moderate sector of the Democratic Party in the North, especially the Northeast. Though their motives differ from the Northerners' and differ among themselves, many Southerners of both parties and all ideological tendencies seem to be very sharply anti-Johnson—as of today, that is, which is not, one should no doubt keep in mind, November 8, 1968.

Nor in these current wanderings have I discovered anywhere, among local residents, visitors, tourists or the local press, any sentiment that is strongly pro-Johnson. Some people are on net for Johnson as doing about as well as can be expected in face of a rough set of problems, or as well, anyway, as anybody else could probably do; and some people are against Johnson without passionate rancor. But I have yet to meet a citizen who is a pro-Johnson enthusiast.

No Real Favorites

And, come to think of it, I have yet to meet a citizen who is much of an enthusiast for any potential 1968 rival of Lyndon Johnson's. I have been talking to men and women who favor Nixon, Percy, Rockefeller, Wallace, Reagan, Curtis Le May, Bobby Kennedy or Hatfield, and even a retired grocer who wants Romney, but I have yet to meet one voter whose voice quivers and eye sparkles when he names his choice. I have read and am told that some conservatives are that way about Reagan, and I have met a few people who are quite definitely for Reagan. Nevertheless, I have not detected in them a crusading enthusiasm for Ronald Reagan as an individual; so far as they exhibit enthusiasm, it is rather for "the cause" that Reagan would presumptively represent, not for Reagan individually, and therefore they would not be greatly disappointed if a suitable alternate—Nixon, perhaps, or a dark horse conservative—were substituted for currently named favorites.

Put in another way and generalizing, none of the likely 1968 candidates, the incumbent President included, seems to possess the charisma, the magic, that has characterized the dynamic mass leaders of this century. (Can Wallace be a conceivable exception?) If so, it means that the 1968 nomination and election will be decided by organizational and techni-

cal factors: by the pressures of interest groups, the political deals negotiated, the skills of organizers, money-raisers, speech-writers and public relations specialists. It will be, one might say, a *professional* election rather than a "crusade" or a popular contest in which the dynamic force of a charismatic leader pulls masses of voters out of the professionals' grip.

Barry Goldwater once seemed to have a certain amount of charisma, though of a variety more limited in appeal than that of the major charismatic type. But one of the most curious features of this pre-1968 political scene is the fact that no one, no one at all, mentions Goldwater as a possible candidate. Doubtless he will get a vote or two—perhaps all Arizona's as a favorite son—at the Convention, but he will not be seriously considered by anyone. This cannot be the result of his own disavowals; every potential candidate disavows; Rockefeller has done so more often and more firmly than Goldwater, but is still in the ring. Interestingly enough, the hostility toward Goldwater has dissolved as his name had faded from the list of Presidentialabili, much of it transferred to his successful 1964 opponent. Now everybody loves Barry, and laughs with him as he and his sidekick reminisce on TV over the foibles, jokes and pratfalls of the 1964 Electoral Follies.

Education Is Big Business

As everyone knows, there's nothing like seeing for believing. We've been deliberately seeing, this trip, some of the universities, colleges and schools that are strewn near almost any path you take across our country. Seeing, the statistics of expansion take on solid new meaning. You see with your own eyes that education has become a principal quantitative—never mind qualitative—part of our economy and society. The growth in the past ten or fifteen years is staggering—above all, of course, at the post-high school level. Who east of the Mississippi, outside of a few educators, has ever even heard of Montana State University at Bozeman?—not to be confused with the University of Montana at Missoula, with which Eastern sports page scholars may be acquainted. Until a

(Continued on p. 1138)

Gulliver in Greece

TOM SAGE

"I admire your courage, Colonel," said Mr. Andreas Papandreou recently to a leader of the Greek army coup, one of the junta which has charged him with treason. "You put me on trial for the very crime you yourselves committed when you sent your tanks into Athens. The only difference is that I'm accused of planning a coup: you carried one out."

A touch of bitterness must be permitted to a man so hard tried by fate as the star prisoner of last April's military takeover in Greece. Andreas Papandreou is a forceful, ambitious man, and the goal he had set himself—victory in the general elections on May 28—had been so near, his expectations of power so exalted.

At one moment he was preparing to ride in triumph through the streets of Athens with his father, the Prime Minister; the next, and he was being dragged off in underpants, his feet bleeding from the glass of his front door—smashed down by the soldiers who arrested him. Such was the humiliating end—for the time being—of what he had doubtless seen as an idealistic attempt to place his exceptional combination of intellectual attainment, Greek spirit and American know-how at the disposal of an underprivileged motherland.

Andreas Papandreou left Greece at the age of nineteen for a Harvard education, and stayed on in America, acquiring American citizenship by virtue of service with the U.S. Navy and following the well-worn route from Harvard lecturer in economics to chairman of the Economics Department of the University of California. He was a respected figure in the nation's academic life, possibly with a future in its politics, when suddenly he gave the whole thing up.

He had heard the call of the blood. The Papandreous are a political clan as immovably embedded in Greek life as the Kennedys in the U.S.A.; and Andreas' father, George, the 76-

year-old leader of Greece's Center Party, was soon to take office. There would be a place for his son in the Cabinet, the continuation of a political dynasty, with son succeeding father, eventually, in the Premiership. It was the Greek way. No true-born Athenian could resist, even after twenty years in America. Andreas returned to his homeland, resumed his Greek citizenship and, being elected to Parliament, embarked as boldly on the wine-dark seas of Greek politics as if he had spent his life on them.

Father and Son Act

The Center Party swept to power with a record majority in March 1964 and Andreas, as "Minister of Coordination" became his aging father's right-hand man. He proved himself adept in negotiating support from the Left in all its shades, from blush-pink to blood red, and as part of what was called the "democratization" of the country after a long period of right-wing rule, thousands of imprisoned and exiled Communists were given an amnesty. The Communist Party has been outlawed in Greece since the civil war of 1945, but it carries on a furtive life in various guises and now its enthusiastic, if temporary, backing was lent to George Papandreou's administration. The new Center Premier needed, at that moment, all the help he could get to grapple with the Royal Army, as it is aptly called, and its royal master, young King Constantine, who had just succeeded his father on the shaky throne of Greece.

Papandreou Sr. had no doubt that he would win this uneven tussle. He is a professional spellbinder who, as a rival politician once put it to me, "combines the humility of Franklin D. Roosevelt with the integrity of Robert Kennedy and the self-restraint of Mme. Callas." George Papandreou played an ace by offer-

ing his resignation—and was outraged when Constantine at once accepted it. His tacit allies, the Communists, came out on the streets and the summer of 1965 brought one ugly riot after another. "Who is to rule?" Papandreou demanded. "The King or the people?" By the people, everyone understood, he meant himself; but his son would be the final beneficiary.

Andreas' entry into Greek public life from the top aroused jealousy and hostile memories. It was said that in his youth he had been a Trotskyist, and was allowed to leave Athens for Boston only after repudiating his leftist principles and comrades in a statement to the police. Whatever the truth of this, the signature of a boy of nineteen in such circumstances seems scarcely to hold any deep political significance; but this is a game played according to the Greek rules. The *leventis*—the leader of the people—must be a man of honor and courage unsmirched; the signer of "treacherous" statements has small hope of popular support.

And then it was said that, as part of their pound of political flesh, the Communists had secured from Andreas a repudiation of his early repudiation—that he had founded an undercover left-wing officers' movement in the Army, called *Aspida* (the Shield), whose aim was to abolish the monarchy and take Greece out of NATO. He was portrayed by his enemies as a Svengali, exercising a malign influence on his vain and senile father.

It was while the whole crisis was aboil that I found myself, at the end of a day, talking to Andreas Papandreou about his future and that of Greece—topics which, like his father, he tended to consider as one. We sat in his office on the Lykavettos hill and the sky outside grew slowly dark. The last member of his staff put on the lights, brought Scotch and soda, and departed.

A tall, bulky, balding man, Andreas leaned back in his chair, hands linked behind his head, a foot on the desk steadying his balance. "There's an air of revolution over the whole country," he said. "Either we hold the elections as scheduled next month—in which case we'll have a runaway victory—or there will be

a dictatorship. It all depends on the King."

I demurred. Surely a young man of twenty-six could not permanently thwart the will of practiced politicians who had the country, as they claimed, behind them? Papandreou lit a pipe and waved the smoke away. "The King despises politicians. He's been reared [the reference was to his Hohenzollern mother, Queen Frederika] to live up to an image of himself as the national leader with the Army as his personal property. He never forgets that he is C-in-C of all the forces, that he can dissolve Parliament, appoint and dismiss ministers—as he dismissed my father. Don't judge him by that frank, smiling face. He's not so much a Westerner at heart as he is a Byzantine emperor. There's not a drop of Greek blood in him. He's the latest of a foreign royal group put on the throne in the last century by the British."

Another Go-Round for Andreas?

He wound up the philippic: "He's young, rash and shallow—and an athlete! Athletes go for victory—they don't know how to compromise."

It was possible, he went on, that the Army leadership might feel itself threatened by a left-wing purge if the Papandreous won, and forestall the King by staging a coup without his sanction. Constantine might well hesitate to accept the odium, for when dictatorships fall they often carry monarchies with them. It was the House of Savoy's collaboration with Mussolini that eventually caused its collapse in Italy.

Then there was the question of the Queen Mother. Frederika's activities behind the scenes have infuriated a generation of politicians. The Papandreous seized the nettle on taking office by hinting that she would enhance her son's popularity if she retired to Germany, with a pension.

"We offered her \$100,000 a year," said Andreas. "She felt she needed twice as much, so the whole idea collapsed. A pity."

This was, in fact, the start of the open breach between the royal family and the government, which widened further when Andreas Papandreou's wife entered the political scene. At

one point while we talked in the stuffy office, a telephone rang: Mrs. Papandreou wanted to know when her husband would be home for dinner. No Greek wife would carry solicitude so far, but the former Margaret Chant has not forgotten her American rights and duties. After King Constantine ousted the Papandreous, she wrote to Lady Bird Johnson in protest, "first because of our friendship, and secondly because I believe you are a woman of ideals." Margaret Papandreou, a brisk, Doris Day-like mother of four, called on "the real America" to withdraw its support from the King.

Queen Frederika could not allow such a challenge to go unregarded. The rift between the two dynasties grew deeper.

But the "real America," according to Andreas Papandreou, had little to say in the development of the crisis: millions of CIA dollars changed hands before a new, pro-Constantine government emerged.

Maybe, but how was it, I asked, that Andreas was now regarded as the leading anti-American influence in Greece—a mixture, in his own words, if rightly quoted—of Castro and President Nasser?

He got to his feet. "I'm deliberately misunderstood. I am a nationalist. Certainly America saved Greece after the war, and I go along with a full Western alliance, but . . ."



He bit his pipe irritably. "Does any Western Prime Minister discuss his party affairs with the U.S. Ambassador or ask him about ministerial appointments? It's inconceivable. But for a Greek Premier, not to do so is inconceivable. My father wouldn't—so he had to go. The Americans

are in everything, even our army security and intelligence. I try to give expression to the feeling that we should be more ally, less satellite. That's all."

I asked whether his heart was really in the NATO pact. Again he was annoyed. "As things go now, NATO is simply an American umbrella which the King reaches for when things look black. You know the old Greek royal motto, 'My strength is in the hearts of the people'? Constantine has changed that to read, 'My strength is in the Sixth Fleet'."

His good humor restored by this quip, he poured another whisky before answering the domestic summons. I had begun to sense a faint air of unreality in the discussion. What would become of this intense, single-minded, larger-than-life, pride-of-the-campus figure amid the opportunist, quicksilver, impenitently personal world of Greek politics? When, soon after our meeting, the military made their pre-emptive strike, the effect must have been stunning. Seeing him next on television, reclining on an iron bed with grinning guards around, I was put in mind of Gulliver when he awoke, a prisoner of the Lilliputians.

At first it looked as if Andreas Papandreou would become the sacrificial animal of an otherwise bloodless coup. But fellow academics from Britain and all over Europe galloped to the rescue. In the *London Times*, Oxford and Cambridge dons declared that "his execution would gravely damage the image of Greece throughout the world." A protest was made by 250 economists in America, and Prof. John Kenneth Galbraith secured a promise of President Johnson's intercession.

The Greek military are studiously indifferent to criticism from abroad, of course; but another thought is clearly at work. What moral strength would remain to a leader who, having in the general view precipitated the coup, accepts the opportunity to leave his followers behind in concentration camps while he puts himself, not for the first time, in safety? For Andreas Papandreou it will be the ultimate test. He nearly made it: given another turn of the wheel, he still may. But will he deem it worth the cost?

Will Africa Make the Transition?

E.V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

There are enormous differences between Nigeria and the Congo. Nigeria embraces the most ancient, most highly evolved regions of what is usually called "West Africa." Nineteenth-century explorers who reached what is now Northern Nigeria were struck by the advanced civilization there: the architectural achievements, the handsome costumes, and the attractive handicrafts of these people of mixed Negro - Hamitic stock, principally Moslems by persuasion.



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The Congo, on the other hand, can boast of a historic background only in the area around the mouth of the Congo River, in what is today more or less the northernmost extreme of Angola; the rest of the present-day Congo was highly primitive. It was the part of Africa to which nobody staked out a claim until the 1880s when it was organized as the "Congo Free State." As such it was owned as his personal fief by King Léopold II of the Belgians who, in his will, left the colony to the Belgian nation. It was an uncoveted "left-over" of colonial Africa, a centrally located patch with practically no coast.

Yet, while Nigeria and the Congo are historically and even culturally as different from each other as Iceland and Bulgaria, they share one of the crucial problems of post-colonial Africa: how to create an inner cohesion, a genuine feeling of belonging together—in short, a nation. The difficulty of shaping and deploying a national sentiment is precisely what is troubling the Congo and also civil-war-torn Nigeria.

I visited Nigeria for the first time in early spring 1960 and I still remember an editorial in a Lagos pa-

per of that period. Nigeria, once independent, will startle all of Africa by its own boundless nationalism, was its gist. This was not too encouraging to a European who has seen his continent nearly destroyed by rampaging nationalism, which is most emphatically not to say that a degree of national sentiment, including a strong sense of mutual responsibility, is not an urgent necessity. Konrad Adenauer, before his death, exhorted his people not to swing from strong nationalism to the other extreme. Yet, unless there is a strong, common history, as in the case of Switzerland, it takes a common culture, way of life, and common social institutions to form a nation—and, above all, a common language. In the Congo, this is not Kiswahili, which is spoken largely in the East, nor Lingala, spoken in the West, but French (with a smattering of Flemish). In Nigeria it is English. And the English language is what distinguishes a Nigerian from a *Nigérien* citizen of the *République du Niger*, a former French colony.

There can be no doubt that the imprint left by the colonial powers on the African populations is deep. Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast, is quite thoroughly French, and the civil servants of Ghana display a distinctively British nonchalance. And, of course, many professional people have studied in Britain and Europe, or have been taught by European professors in their own homelands.

But only the upper strata of the emerging nations of Africa and other urban elements are united by common language and other bonds—entirely European in nature and inherited from the colonial past. The Europeans carved out their African colonies at the green table without ever having taken tribal boundaries into consideration. There have been moves ever since independence to rectify these boundaries. This is the cause of the border war between

Somalia and Ethiopia. In the Congo, if you remember, former President Kasavubu wanted to restore the old pre-colonial kingdom of the Congo—a Bakongo-dominated kingdom whose territory incidentally had very little to do with the present Republic; and Moïse Tshombe, descendant of the kings of Lunda, sought to do the same for upper Katanga.

European manners and mannerisms characterize only small minorities; they do not penetrate the village, still less into the bush, and under stress or duress even the "Europeanized" leaders yield to tribal traditions—and feelings. The European centers of gravity, we must remember, are no longer very effective, while the new loyalties are as yet still feeble. The *Bwana Kitoko*, the "Young Master," Baudouin II of Belgium, really meant something to most Congolese, as did the King or Queen in distant England to many Nigerians. Republicanism in Africa has resulted in the elevation to leadership positions of local men with specific tribal affiliations—with the unwanted effect that now one tribe rules over another.

To trace the course of recent African history is rather simple. Premature decolonization has prevented a more thorough Europeanization of tribal societies. Old loyalties, language and customs, once prevalent only in the lower social layers and in the rural areas, now also affect the new "ruling classes." The new nationalism discloses an economic character. Why, for instance, should rich Katanga finance the rest of the Congo? Why should Biafra (an *incidentally* symbolic, really ancient name) cover the expenses of the Western Region? Why should ancient Benin bow to brand-new Lagos? Why should the wealthier Christians of the South shell out for the Moslems on the sandy soil of the North? The divisions will also have their impact on the United Nations. In a letter to the editor of a Vienna daily an Austrian asked why the Austrian states should not secede from the republic so that Austria could send nine men to the United Nations instead of one. Yet, what would be a joke for Austria is, unfortunately, only too organic a development in Africa, for all that it runs counter to the unifying tendency in the world at large.

Operation 1968

In '64 it was the nomination. Will it be the Presidency in '68? Conservatives can win that one too, says the author, but only if they are willing to woo the left wing of the GOP

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The Republican National Convention of 1968 is now less than a year away, and it is shaping up as the widest-open humdinger in a quarter of a century. For an analogy one must go back to the Philadelphia convention of 1940, when a quartet of major candidates (Dewey, Taft, Vandenberg and Willkie) plus "dark horses" Bricker, Gannett, Fish and Martin slugged it out through six ballots.

Meanwhile, conservatives are entitled to feel a certain gratification at their prospects for playing a major role at the convention. Certainly the liberal Republicans were confident, after Barry Goldwater's defeat in 1964, that the party would recoil into their waiting arms; and many conservatives ruefully agreed. Yet two of the men most prominently mentioned as possible nominees next year—Richard Nixon of New York and Ronald Reagan of California—find their basic support on the right wing of the party. Incredible as it seemed on that bleak morning of November 4, 1964, conservatives may yet win the convention of 1968 for the candidate of their choice. And more incredible still, that candidate has a very good chance of winning the election itself—*provided conservatives have learned the great lessons of the 1964 election.*

Actually, winning the nomination for a conservative may not even prove especially difficult. Liberal Republicans are notoriously fond of referring to the "disaster" or "debacle" or "catastrophe" of 1964—meaning of course Goldwater's defeat in the November election that year. But it is slowly becoming apparent that the truly enduring disaster of 1964 was the one that befell the liberals themselves—at San Francisco in July, when Barry Goldwater was nominated. For that convention, it now seems plain, marked a continental divide in the

history of the GOP: for the foreseeable future, it is going to be a basically conservative party.

Easterners tend to underrate, if they realize at all, the significance of the steady westward migration of the center of the American population. For them, New York City is still and will always be the de facto capital of the United States. But California—at bottom far more conservative, despite its well-advertised leftist fringe—is now not only larger than New York State; it has a gross state product larger than the gross national product of all but six sovereign nations of the world. And as population and industry have moved westward, so inevitably has the crucial money power of the nation. Wall Street remains the most powerful single citadel of finance, but Houston and Los Angeles are today financial centers capable of sustaining major projects on their own—definitely including political projects, many of them vastly more conservative than those popular on the Eastern seaboard in recent decades.

The East in Eclipse

In the light of these profound developments, Goldwater's (and conservatism's) victory at San Francisco sometimes seems in retrospect almost inevitable—the automatic result of a vast shift of demographic and economic forces. Inevitable or not, it taught the Republicans of the Midwest, the West and the South that against their combined strength liberal Eastern Republicanism is a paper tiger. They are scarcely going to forget the lesson, or lightly abandon their new alliance. As a result, the East and its regnant liberals are no more likely to lord it over the GOP in 1968—or any other foreseeable year—than royalist governors in powdered

wigs were likely, after the events of 1776-82, to rule again in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Williamsburg.

Nelson Rockefeller's Chances

There are signs that the liberals themselves (and especially the few seasoned politicians among them—notably the little clutch of liberal Republican governors) already sense this. At the Western Governors' conference in West Yellowstone in June, and subsequently at the Republican Governors' conference in Jackson Hole, the Romney bandwagon looked distinctly like a hearse as the liberal chief executives began edging toward Rockefeller, who can at least afford to surround them with those creature comforts that make political misery bearable. In turn, some admirers of Rockefeller (who will—may we agree on this?—accept the nomination if he can only get his hands on it) are rather desperately suggesting that a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket is the strongest the Party could find. Whether we can accept that strange proposition or not, such a ticket would certainly afford Nelson Rockefeller his best chance at the Presidency—much as NATIONAL REVIEW's circulation problems could best be attacked by absorbing the *Reader's Digest*. The prospects of the two mergers are about equally likely.

But if all this is true, why not break out the champagne and let the conservative celebration start now? The answer is: because conservatives, for all their strength in the GOP, and despite Lyndon Johnson's many vulnerabilities, can still muffle Operation 1968—unless, as we said earlier, they have thoroughly digested the lessons of the 1964 election campaign.

What were those lessons? Certainly conservatives who weathered that

battle do not have to be lectured on the need to stand up honorably for their principles. Nor do they need to be exhorted to work hard, or to sacrifice: the Goldwater campaign brought forth an outpouring of volunteers and cash contributions that still has the pros of both parties talking to themselves. In short, what high principles and valiant exertions can do for a Presidential campaign was done in 1964—and proved not enough. The problem of conservatives in 1968 is to find the *missing ingredients* of victory.*

Basically there are two such ingredients: a hard-hitting campaign in the modern style, which will combine a personally attractive candidate with the last word in mass communications efficiency, and a degree of party unity sufficient to avoid fatal defections on either the Left or the Right. Can conservatives find, and if so will they endorse, such a winning combination?

The liberals would have us believe that the frequently poor showing of conservatives at the polls is due, quite simply, to the greater inherent attractiveness of liberal policies and candidates. This notion has just barely enough truth in it to stay afloat. Artful demagoguery—which is what most liberal prescriptions for social ills boil down to—always has a certain initial advantage over the sober truth in a democratic society. But this advantage can often be combatted by reasoned arguments, especially as experience replaces prophecy. And it just plain isn't true that conservatives are necessarily less attractive than liberals as candidates, on a purely personal level.

It is nearer the mark to say that conservatives have been—perhaps for temperamental reasons—slower than liberals to use effectively the modern means of mass communication. The first acknowledged master of the new broadcast media was FDR, whose “Fireside Chats” captured the imagination of millions. And in the last thirty years the chief political prizes in the American society have tended—not invariably, but with a remarkable consistency—to go to those can-

didates in both parties who have been able to project themselves effectively over the radio and, latterly, over television. The recent crop of film-stars-turned-politicians is therefore no accident, and no sudden departure from an established norm. On the contrary, we are merely in the process of rejecting older-style professional politicians, with at best a hammy flair for amateur theatrics, in favor of lifelong professionals in the art of communicating with people. There is no reason in the world why this process need favor the liberals.

Just as radio and television have changed the type of candidate, so they have tended to alter the form of the political dialogue itself. The Lincoln-Douglas debates were superbly suited to their time and place but they could not successfully have been transplanted to a television screen, even if one had been available. The distractions at home are greater, the sense of separation from the speaker far wider. Political impact over radio and television requires a much briefer message—with all the attendant dangers of oversimplification, and all the ripe possibilities for distortion. Unquestionably this fact has on balance aided the liberals, whose glib humanism and simplistic economics often cannot survive any but the briefest and most superficial inspection. But, as already pointed out, the American voters are not necessarily fools, especially where liberal promises can

be tested against liberal performance. Moreover, there are signs that conservative politicians of the new dispensation are learning to package the truths of conservative philosophy in phrases that can compete on even terms with the smooth pellets of liberal rhetoric. “Federal aid” is being challenged in many states by the efforts of “the independent sector,” and “labor solidarity” is frequently confronted with “right-to-work laws.” “Peaceful coexistence” is rightly denounced as leading to a “no-win policy” in Vietnam. To counter Lyndon Johnson’s “Great Society,” Ronald Reagan last fall offered the people of California a non-regimented “Creative Society”—and they elected him by a million votes.

It is perfectly true—as these examples demonstrate—that a conservative slogan is no more able than a liberal one to sum up in a phrase the complexities of foreign policy or domestic economics. But it can communicate to the radio listener or TV viewer as much of the truth as the medium itself is capable of transmitting. Conservatives must seek out candidates able and willing to compete in that medium, or resign themselves to defeat.

But an attractive personality and a hard-hitting, epigrammatic style, while quite probably sufficient to win the Republican nomination for a conservative next year, will not be enough to elect him. *To win the elec-*



* In what follows, I am not unmindful that the chances of a Republican victory will depend heavily on the adventitious public estimate of Johnson as Election Day draws near. In this article, however, I am discussing how conservatives can *maximize* those chances by their own conduct.

tion, the conservative candidate must retain enough good will in the Party as a whole to present a reasonably united front in the ensuing campaign.

This necessity for a reasonable degree of party unity is the principal lesson that conservatives must demonstrate they have learned since the balloons floated down on Barry Goldwater in July 1964. Delicious as that moment was, it would be sheer folly to try to persuade the Republican politicians—even the conservative ones—to launch another *banzai* charge up the same old crater-pocked hill. It would be folly even if we succeeded. We must not forget that the 1964 election ended in Goldwater's defeat, as well as a net loss of two United States senators, 38 Republican congressmen and over 500 state legislators. We know, if we are honest with ourselves, how much the defection of the whole liberal wing of the GOP to Johnson had to do with that result. If with party power comes party responsibility, then conservatives owe it to the Republican delegates next year to show them not only an appealing and articulate candidate but a far less divisive path to that distant, beckoning summit: the Presidency.

It serves no useful purpose to blare at the Republican politicians that in their hearts they know Barry was right. Of course they do. They also know he lost. Goldwater himself would be the last to recommend that

his Party should go through the same futile motions all over again. He proved—stunningly—what few had dared to believe: that a conservative can win a Republican national convention. Are conservatives, building on the lessons of his ensuing campaign, now prepared to try for the Presidency itself?

To be sure, unity is a two-way street, and the Republican liberals are going to have to do their share. But it is unlikely that a victory for a responsible conservative at the 1968 convention will automatically result in mass liberal defections on the 1964 model. For one thing, as already noted, 1964 marked an historic turning-point—the moment long-range control of the GOP passed from the East to a new and more conservative coalition of the Midwest, the West and the South. Such moments are invariably painful, and cause violent temporary reactions. But another victory by the same coalition in 1968 is bound to be less traumatic. Then too, Republican politicians of all subspecies have had three years in which to contemplate the ghastly consequences of violating the now-famous "Eleventh Commandment" of California's triumphant GOP ("Thou shalt not speak ill of any fellow Republican"). Not only did the Party itself suffer; individual politicians who failed to support Goldwater, yet plan to seek Party nominations in the future, have been marked for extinc-

tion by millions of Republican voters. Few who are not bent on suicide will want to sample the dubious pleasures of apostasy so soon again.

An equal or greater danger is that certain heedless conservatives, aware of their own bloc's strength in the convention and contemptuous of the defeated liberal Republicans, may try to force the victorious Presidential nominee to declare virtual war on the liberals—thus egging them on to defect in November in numbers just sufficient to insure a Republican defeat. This danger will be all the greater if George Wallace is still out there prowling around the campfire, threatening a third-party candidacy on the far Right. The temptation to use Wallace as a blacksnake whip on a conservative Republican candidate who is striving for Party unity is predictably going to be more than some hard-shelled rightists can resist, and if it spreads it may prove just powerful enough to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

This senseless tragedy is totally unnecessary, however, if conservatives make up their minds that the fun of indulging in a little overkill on the liberals at the Republican convention is as nothing compared to the pleasures of listening to Lyndon Johnson's concession speech in the wee hours of Wednesday morning, November 6, 1968.

But what, exactly, is expected of
(Continued on p. 1134)



The Men Around Nixon

Who they are, where they came from, where they're going, and what they can tell him that he doesn't already know. Or does he?

NEAL B. FREEMAN

When Richard Nixon makes his next run for the White House roses, there will be no Theodore Sorensen beside him, no Sherman Adams. In all likelihood, there will be nobody as close as, say, Bill Moyers was to LBJ. Nixon has long been known as the most solitary of bigtime politicians and he has done nothing recently to change that reputation.

As nobody knows better than Nixon, however, the Presidential enterprise in our time is enormously complex. It requires legions of loyal and highly skilled personnel. Where are these Nixon legions? What are their skills? What influence do they have with him?

The most visible members of the Nixon *apparatus* are quartered at Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell, the big Wall Street law firm Nixon joined as senior partner following his 1962 defeat in California. Closest to the public operation is 28-year-old Patrick Buchanan, whom Nixon plucked from the editorial staff of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* in 1965. Buchanan prepares background material on policy issues and local political situations, but in keeping with the Nixon tradition does no speech-writing as such. Buchanan frankly describes himself as a conservative and has frequently served as an *apertura a destra*, collecting conservative leaders for quiet confabs with Nixon. The other "issues" man at 20 Broad Street is Raymond Price, 36, who was until its demise chief editorial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*. He was convincingly anti-Goldwater in 1964 and retains close ties to Walter Thayer, who wields considerable influence in liberal Republican circles by virtue of his enduring associations with Dwight Eisenhower and John Hay Whitney. Price specializes in Asian policy

matters and engages in what Nixon hopes is a fruitful "dialogue" with Buchanan.

The 'Old Nixon' Men

Just outside Nixon's memento-crammed 24th-floor office sits Miss Rose Mary Woods, his private secretary since Senate days. Political chatter has it that Miss Woods has extraordinary authority for a secretary and does not hesitate to use it. Her impenetrability on the telephone is widely remarked by GOP pros and her competence is legendary. The "political" man at Nixon Mudge is Thomas Evans, a young lawyer, recently made a partner of the firm, who is increasingly active in the nomination campaign behind-the-scenes.

This is a skeleton staff, obviously, not much more than any retired politician would be obliged to carry. The real strength of the Nixon organization lies elsewhere.

There are, first, the "old Nixon" men, sometimes called the Baker Street Irregulars, who have been down the campaign trail with Nixon before and are eager to do it again. Best known is mid-fortyish Charles McWhorter, who in 1957 was drafted from the chairmanship of the Young Republicans by then Vice President Nixon. A lawyer for AT&T by trade, a salesman by temperament, McWhorter is hugely and systematically gregarious. Known as Charley to hundreds of party regulars, he would be a natural for appointments secretary in a Nixon Administration. Generally of the any-Republican-is-a-good-Republican school, McWhorter can usually be found on the liberal side of ticklish political questions.

Another Irregular is former Congressman Patrick Hillings, who now holds the improbable job of "Re-

gional Civic and Governmental Affairs Director" for the Ford Motor Company in Los Angeles. (His numerous other interests include a West Coast airline, a travel agency, and a private law practice.) Hillings took Nixon's old seat in California's Twelfth Congressional District when Nixon moved up to the Senate in 1950, but was buried with the rest of the Knowland-Knight ticket when he ran for Attorney General in 1958. Since then he has been a loyal Nixonite and would be a valuable technical hand in 1968: with McWhorter's help, he can run down the voting history, ethnic composition, and dominant personalities of most of the nation's 435 congressional districts. His politics are right of center, but less so than they once were. A third old Nixon man on the technical side is Bethesda geologist John Whitaker, forty. He supervised Nixon's fifteen advance men for last year's congressional campaign and may be in line for the scheduling job—a big one—in 1968.

And Friends and Supporters

To these key staff men should be added longtime supporters who will operate in important but peripheral areas when Nixon makes the move. Herb Klein, Nixon's old press man and now editor of the *San Diego Union*, has kept in touch. So has Kennedy-baiting author Victor Lasky. In Washington, Congressmen Bob Wilson, Jerry Ford, Bill Brock and the members of the Chowder and Marching Society—a GOP fraternal order—are especially close to Nixon. Sherman Ungar, a partner in the Cincinnati law firm of Frost & Jacobs, will volunteer for political assignments. Detroit stockbroker Nick Ruwe will help out with the advance work. Paul Keyes, a writer-producer

on the Dean Martin television series, will get up some gags for the "new, relaxed" Nixon. And old Nixon loyalists John Davies of California, Bebe Rebozo of Florida, and John Nidecker of New York will help out where they can.

Technically outranking both the Irregulars and the loyalists are four line officers: former Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, former Connecticut Governor John Davis Lodge, California's politically wise Lt. Gov. Robert Finch, and former Ambassador to Mexico Robert Hill. Seaton, who is thought to have leaked stories to the *Christian Science Monitor* naming himself as the top man in the Nixon operation, has been working actively for Nixon for years. Lodge has come on strong in recent months, routing letters and newspaper clips to potential Nixon supporters. (Last February 14 he circulated the results of the "withdrawn" Gallup poll, implying it was withdrawn because of Nixon's strong showing.) Ambassador Hill, a tough and knowledgeable anti-Communist, is just now getting into things, while Finch will continue to mind his manners until Governor Reagan's posture for 1968 is set.

All of the line officers—except Finch of course—have joined the Nixon for President Committee, announced by former California GOP chairman Gaylord Parkinson in a March 15 letter to 13,000 GOP regulars. This committee, assertedly organized without Nixon's help, opened its doors in Washington on the first of May. Under Chairman Parkinson, the obstetrician who brought unity to a badly divided California GOP, and Executive Director Robert Walker, a political technician from San Diego, the committee got off to a shaky start. Its relations with the press were particularly precarious. The situation seemed to be improving when on August 16 Parkinson was forced to resign his chairmanship and return to California to be with his gravely ill wife. Walker departed soon after.

The chairmanship passed immediately to Henry Bellmon, who in 1962 was elected Oklahoma's first Republican governor. Bellmon is not expected to go the distance either—he intends to launch his own campaign for the Senate in April—but he will

keep a firm hand on the wheel until then. Serving as Bellmon's executive director is former congressman Robert Ellsworth, one of the six founding members of the liberal Wednesday Club in the House. Ellsworth accompanied Nixon on his trip to the Soviet Union last winter and is said to enjoy his confidence. Conservatives are deeply worried that Ellsworth may succeed to the chairmanship. One mitigating factor: the emergence of John Sears as an increasingly influential spokesman for responsible conservatism within the committee. A young lawyer on leave from Nixon Mudge, Sears is an exceptionally able and astute politician.

The Money Men

The finances of another Nixon Presidential campaign would be directed at least in part by Maurice Stans and Peter Flanagan. Stans, Director of the Budget under Eisenhower, is now president of the New York brokerage firm of Glore, Forgan, William R. Staats, Inc. He is a fiscal conservative, widely respected in the financial community, and has had some success at fundraising for Nixon, most recently as head of the Congress '66 group that picked up the tab for Nixon's campaign swing last fall. Flanagan is a partner in the Wall Street investment firm of Dillon, Read (that's Dillon as in Douglas Dillon). He helped in 1960 and 1966 and will do so again, though he is known to be seeking a more active role in the over-all direction of the campaign.

Two former Nixon money men, Clifford Folger, an IBM director, and Hot Shoppes mogul Willard Marriott, are now in the Romney corner, but perhaps not forever. Walter Thayer of the Whitney Communications Corp. has his resources, and an advance scout in both the Romney and Nixon camps: Price with Nixon and Ripon outrider Bruce Chapman in Lansing. (Chapman was also aboard the editorial staff when the *Herald Tribune* went down for the last time.) California's prodigious fundraisers, Henry Salvatori foremost among them, have looked kindly on Nixon in the past and may again, Ronald Reagan willing. Wiley Buchanan, Eisenhower's protocol chief and a pillar of Newport society, the

Wallaces of *Reader's Digest*, and Warner Lambert board chairman Elmer Bobst are likely big contributors. All things considered, money should be the least of Nixon's problems.

In keeping with political tradition, Nixon is more discriminating in accepting advice than money. At the moment, only three men seem to have his ear on cosmic matters. The oldest of these in point of service is Bryce Harlow, a shrewd veteran of many GOP battles. Nixon calls him frequently, as often as two or three times a week when on the campaign trail. Harlow's advice is political and practical, with the long view always in focus. For economic advice, Nixon has turned recently to flamboyant economist Pierre Rinfret, who late last year lost a bitter battle for control of Lionel D. Edie & Co., one of the top investment advisory firms. Rinfret now has his own firm and has seemingly converted not only Nixon but also LBJ to his highly personal views of the national economy. For a detached look at the political swirl, Nixon looks to his scholarly colleague Len Garment, head of the litigation department at Nixon Mudge. To this select group—the beginnings of a Nixon brain trust—others will be added as needed. Some likely candidates: Stans, economist Arthur Burns (also a fiscal conservative), Columbia professor Martin Anderson (author of the urban renewal-debunking *The Federal Bulldozer*) and Richard Whalen of the Georgetown Center for Strategic Studies.

Who's the Leader?

These, then, are the men around Nixon. Liberals and conservatives (in careful if precarious balance), staff men and line officers, money men and advisers. They provide Nixon with the framework of a national campaign organization, something the other GOP candidates will have to build from scratch. And they provide him with ideological flexibility. He can make a moderate move to the left, or to the right, without alienating or embarrassing any significant segment of his inner circle.

The only conspicuous defect in the Nixon team is that it has no leader.

(Continued on p. 1133)

Letter From London

We Unhappy Few

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

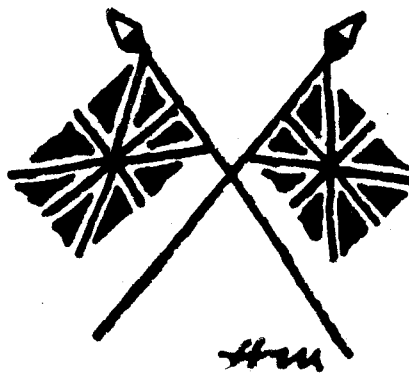
England is a strange place these days, with the Beatles sitting at the feet of a constantly giggling Hindu mystic and Mick Jagger, the leader of the Rolling Stones, being deferentially interviewed on television by a bishop, the editor of the *Times* and a former Home Secretary. But among the more serious, even tragic, strangenesses I notice particularly the great gap between the bitter unhappiness which some of us feel over what's happened to Britain, an unhappiness which I find most movingly expressed in the letters I receive from bewildered middle-class readers, and the untouched complacency of a large mass of the electorate.

This unhappiness is partly personal, for the middle classes have been dispossessed morally and culturally as well as financially, but it is also a matter of genuine patriotism. They are appalled to see their country represented by people like Wilson and Brown, and to watch the Empire of which they were once so proud dying in impotence and squalor. But a lot of other Englishmen apparently don't mind at all.

The same contrast is eerily reflected in the gap between the complacency of Labor politicians and the reality of Britain's economic plight. They boast of the tough measures they have taken to cure the balance-of-payments trouble, to stimulate production, to shift employees from "service" into "manufacturing" industries (for one of Labor's primitive beliefs is that no work really counts unless it produces things which hurt if you drop them on your toe), and to stabilize prices. "We have run the economy," George Brown observed in an ill-advised moment, "as no economy has ever been run before."

But what has been the result of all the freeze-and-squeeze, the multiplying controls and the loss of freedom? During the last three months for which figures are available, the balance of payments was consistently worse than a year ago: production is

not just static but actually down: prices, on the other hand, are up and rising fast: and there has been no "redeployment" (a slightly larger proportion of people now work in the "service" industries), only a big increase in plain old-fashioned unemployment.



So, Mr. Wilson, with the usual flourish of publicity trumpets, has announced that he is taking personal charge of the economy. This means nothing, since in fact he has been in charge all along. Much more important is the way in which the outlines of his economic strategy have gradually become clear.

His new-style socialism has certain features oddly reminiscent of Mussolini-type Fascism. The Corporate State is where we are headed. This is the meaning of the emphasis which the government places on consultation with the TUC (Britain's equivalent of the AFL-CIO) and the Employers' Federation. The inconvenient freedom of individual unions and private firms to act as they think best has been disciplined into a pair of large, essentially spiritless and controllable units.

The object is control, complete control of the economy. The nationalization of steel is to be followed by nationalization of the docks, but straightforward nationalization is rather despised by the new-style socialists as a crude and costly instrument. Control can be achieved more effectively by other means. The government can buy—compulsorily if

need be—blocks of shares; it can demand seats on the Board in return for loans or licenses; it can set up its own firms in competition with private industry; it can discriminate between firms, between industries, between areas, by the allocation of grants, the placing of contracts and the incidence of taxes.

And it can intervene more directly still, as it has done, for example, in its efforts to prop up the coal industry. The steel industry has been prevented from importing cheaper coal from abroad. The import of methane gas has been frowned upon. And the nationalized railways are reinforcing the coal industry's demands by crying for compensation if their coal traffic falls off. Government intervention in the economy is like trying to even up the legs of a stool; each time you level one up, you find the others need treatment again too.

This is what makes the situation in Britain so intensely depressing. The loss of freedom, and the new taxes and controls, are not just temporary responses to an emergency. In some ways, the emergency has delayed the Labor Government's interventionist ambitions. Whatever happens to the economy, if this government survives, there is worse to come. It's currently being suggested that an annual capital levy may be next.

The result is a complete loss of confidence in the future among the sort of people who would otherwise be saving and investing and starting up new businesses. But the government doesn't really mind, because ideologically it prefers public investment to private investment, state welfare rather than individual savings, controllable corporations rather than small businesses.

A left-wing economist, whose thinking is closely matched to that of the Labor Government, wrote the other day that "privately financed consumer spending" would have to be severely restricted in order to allow more public expenditure. Note that splendid phrase, savor it; for "privately financed consumer spending" means everybody's money except the government's and that of people who live on government hand-outs. Imagine, if you can, the mental processes of someone who thinks in such phrases. Frightening, isn't it?

No wonder some of us are unhappy.

Why Lucky Jim Turned Right

They were calling him an Angry Young Man
when Hungary caved in the far Left. The far
Left recovered but the AYM did not

KINGSLEY AMIS

In 1956, while laying down the law about socialism to a Fabian Society summer school, I let it be known that I had always voted Labor and, "unless something very surprising or very nasty happened," always would. In 1964 I voted Labor for the last time, chickened out the following year by voting for the Anti-Common Market character who put up in my constituency, and voted Conservative for the first time at the Greater London Council elections this spring.

But—unless you place George Brown's appointment as Foreign Secretary in one category or the other—nothing very surprising or very nasty had happened. So why had I crossed the floor?—a question worth answering on general grounds, considering how many writers and such since Wordsworth have made a similar rightward journey, and one that offers me the chance of explaining that to have repudiated the Left does not set one shoulder to shoulder with Colin Jordan.

A more important event of 1956 was Russia's war of intervention in Hungary. This put paid forever to my hopes that Communism might not be as bad as more and more voluminous and unignorable evidence kept suggesting to me it was—hopes that had flickered up momentarily at and after the death of Stalin. I shall never forget the surge of excitement I felt on hearing the four little words, unemphatic but so startlingly unexpected from such a source, in which the new leaders pronounced on the defunct administration: *Mistakes have been made*. It saddens me to recall that now.

To return: a curious feature of the Hungary episode, in its effect on British opinion at least, is the speed and thoroughness with which its memory has been revised or effaced. What at the time was almost everywhere taken as a mortal blow to the

far Left, has mellowed here, if not elsewhere, into an unfortunate mistake that would certainly not be made today, an interesting contemporary accompaniment to the real major crime of Suez, or even a civil war, as Ben Whitaker, erecting a milestone in the history of euphemism, tried to get away with calling it in a recent letter to the press. (I prevented him; but he did try it.) Whereas to that fabulously uninquisitive congeries, the young Left, Hungary is at most something that happened to middle-aged people.

Over the years after Hungary I noticed cultural signs of that accelerating swing to the Left among our intelligentsia which has only just now, perhaps, begun to go into reverse. My response to these—the marches, the Chelsea poems attacking South African apartheid, the first twangings of the protest song industry, *Dr. Strangelove* and its reception—was inactive annoyance.

It still seemed to me logical to support the Labor party that Bevin, Attlee and Gaitskell had shaped and led, or at any rate to oppose the conservatism of Eden and Macmillan. The latter lot, I said to myself, had failed to devise measures which would give the country a sense of purpose and propel it into the 1960s, though how I would have recognized such measures I hardly know. Anyway, it would all be different when Labor came back to power.

'ee ell eye oh tee'

It has not been different, of course, except as regards the speeding-up of trends I had already noted with disquiet during the years of Tory rule. To me, the most important of these concerned education, which I had already started getting reactionary about in the mid-Fifties: see, if you can be bothered, *Lucky Jim*, Chapter

Seventeen. It is never very difficult, as a colleague remarked, to be modern-minded and forward-looking in approaching questions of which one knows nothing. Here, as elsewhere, experience is a Tory. Mine, at the time, told me that bull-at-a-gate expansion of our universities would lead to a lowering of standards, that more would mean worse.

I think I was right. Not that one had to be specially observant to be right. My prediction was based on the simple fact, well known to any teacher and available to all at the cost of a little reflection, that if you pack your class with thicks you will either have to ignore them and teach only the bright people, or, if like most teachers you feel responsible for all levels of pupil, you will compromise, i.e. lower your standards.

Unlike most educational problems, this one is a straightforward matter of quantity. You will use up less of your allotted time, and thus enable yourself to cover that much more ground, if you can say "As Eliot wrote," instead of "As Eliot wrote. . . What's the trouble? Oh, sorry. As T. S. Eliot—ee ell eye oh tee—the poet, dramatist, playwright that is, and critic wrote. . . ." While the thicks get what they need, the bright people doodle.

This, obviously, is just as true at school. Labor's educational policy at this level seems almost consciously destructive. As if moved by a fear that, despite every obstacle, a few tough customers may still emerge from the university knowing something, the Crosland illiteracy-commands get to work on the schools, chucking aside the principle of streaming [classifying by merit—Ed.] which alone made the comprehensive system intelligible, and in particular undermining the traditional sixth-form method which saw to it that freshmen came up knowing at least

the fundamentals of their subject—a deadly blow at standards, this, as the Vice Chancellor of Liverpool University and others pointed out recently.

What could be the point of this policy? I thought nobody believed any longer that a country could survive, let alone do better, without some kind of educated elite. But perhaps those responsible just don't care. After all, the structure will last their time.

That is my main quarrel with socialist home policy. I am no economist and, if I strain myself, can nearly imagine that the unchecked rise in the cost of living is part of some frightfully subtle plan to send it rocketing down again. I would say more, if I knew more and had thought more, about those governmental decisions which reflect, if they are not actually designed to promote, the increasing power of the State over the individual.

Even a year ago I would have dismissed as Tory mythology the idea that the Labor Party would like to see us less free and means to do something about it. In a sense I still do dismiss it, having too little reason to believe that the Conservatives would treat us much different.

This gives me the chance to say where I stand. I am not a Tory, nor pro-Tory (who could be pro *this*



Tory party?), nor right-wing, nor of the Right, but of the Center, equally opposed to all forms of authoritarianism. What I am particularly not is a Fascist, though I have been called one quite a lot recently by correspondents of varying degrees of literacy, with Yankee Crawler and Tory Lickspittler thrown in here and there.

However, I quite understand their use of the term. They sense, accurately, that I am anti-Left, and "Fascist" is useful, straightforward and soundly-precedented shorthand for "opposed to the policies and interests of the Russian Government; pro-American; pro-British" and other shabby heresies.

Anti-Left entails, in the present situation, anti-Labor. I might think differently if Mr. Wilson had done what he ought to do and what, after gaining his increased majority last year, I fairly fully expected him to do: crack down on that perishing left wing of his, boot half-a-dozen of the Communist MPs out of the Labor Party and threaten the rest with expulsion unless they step into line. And *say why*.

Left-wing Mind and Heart

Well, why? For a set of reasons odiously familiar to both sides in this matter: because a Communist's loyalties lie, not with his own country, but with a foreign power, one that is, both externally and internally, hostile to democracy, and therefore our enemy. To some of us, enemies of our country are worth opposing; others find something positively attractive about them. It is having at last become fully aware of this that has led me finally to break off my lingering love-hate affair with the Left, and it is here that I can perhaps contribute a useful diagnosis of the left-wing mind and heart, because I was like that myself once.

My concern here is not with the professional Communist or open fellow-traveler who just wants his side to win and makes no bones about, for instance, campaigning for the Vietcong. I mean the kind of person who, over that conflict, professes neutralism while reciting Hanoi's line; who says the East European satellites are really swinging places that have stopped bothering with politics; who used—when it was more newsy—to go on about Ian Smith's Fascist regime; who thinks student freedom is impaired when a college applies its statutes; who buys unexamined the abortion - divorce - homosexuality - censorship-racialism-marijuana package; in a word, the Lefty.

The Lefty starts from an unfocused dissatisfaction with the way things

are. One need not drag Freud into the argument in order to suggest that "the way things are," the social system, will strike the young or the youngish as a product of authority, of parents and schoolmasters and vicars and employers, the people who seem to limit freedom for the sake of doing so.

Stage two prolongs this: the frustrations of trying to get on in a competitive society where most people, by definition, cannot get on very far. Then, like the fire from heaven, the hint of an explanation and an ideology; the reason we are failing to get on, or simply not having a good enough time, is not because we are lazy and stupid, but because of the system. So now we oppose the system.

The reason why prominent Lefties go on opposing the system long after having got on pretty well by most standards is perhaps threefold: political habit dies hard (as in my own case), success is always relative (the controversial poet gets bad reviews from the pundits, the popular actress finds an extra and even more appreciative audience at rallies), or an increasing bitterness develops as the system, having been repeatedly shouted at to pull itself together, chugs on much as before.

Here, I think, we are near the crunch. The system exists, so to hell with the system. Damn you, England! Damn you for not listening to me! But, of course, plenty of people are listening, the rank-and-file Lefties with no rhetorical skills, no individual viewpoint, only a readiness to demonstrate and march against the system, to grasp at that wonderful and unique and paradoxical satisfaction which the Left offers: of swimming with and against the stream at the same time, of being both rebel and conformist, of joining in the massed choir of half a million voices crying in the wilderness. On either or any level, emotion is calling the tune.

Some pretty powerful set of emotions clearly, is at work when, after being revealed as unworthy of even the most cynical kind of support, Nasser and the Arab/Russian cause go on being supported, as vociferously as ever and without even a decent delay, in our correspondence columns. The other and sufficient ex-

(Continued on p. 1136)

The Austria Austrians Know

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Vienna. People are forever talking of the German *Wirtschaftswunder*, but after driving some 2,500 miles the length and breadth of Austria I've come to feel the greatest admiration for the Austrian economic miracle and also chagrin at the simple-minded image that has been created for Austria in the United States. Austria is incredibly lovely. It is impossible to realize as you drive through the cities, towns and villages that this country was largely destroyed during the Second World War and occupied, to boot, until 1955 by the victorious powers, who first sliced it up among themselves like a pie. This reconstruction, admirable in itself, becomes truly remarkable when you consider that Austria had been completely changed in its geographical and social structure by the First World War. What the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy must have meant became really clear to me when I looked at the palaces and castles of the Austrian aristocracy. Here you see what enormous, entrenched-through-the-centuries-as-part-of-divine-law power the Austrian aristocracy had, and how the abolition of this power could not help shaking up Austrian social life as it did. Not to mention that the Austrians lost the First World War as well as the Second. A country that has survived all of this, and the true hunger and distress that followed, and that has managed to reconstruct itself so that the traveler does not notice any signs of past destruction but only the new factories, the new housing, the excellent roads (excellently marked to make driving easy), could have done so only on the strength of character and the hard work of its people—people who have somehow remained polite and pleasant. This I admire, and I wish it were better known abroad.

That layer of sentimentality in the Austrian character is not nearly as thick as the Austrian tourist offices would like us to believe, nor is Austria a tourist country for the

simple-minded. The Tyrol for those who like mountains; Salzburg, a high-class tourist trap if there ever was one (though I agree it has excellent music and art); castle hotels for those innocents who think they'll mingle with Austrian high society, and Vienna "heuriger" and *lieder* for those who like to wallow in folksiness—this is all you ever learn

Delectations



about Austria if you don't know, beforehand, a few of the things she has to offer. The glorious baroque churches, the provincial museums that are jewels, the cities that are dismissed as "industrial cities" like Steyr, whose chief square is one of the gems of medieval and baroque architecture anywhere, the provincial capitals, shrugged off as "a place where only the retired go," like Graz—I would never have seen them had I not known about them in the first place. Graz is the capital of Styria and formerly of all Inner Austria; it was and is the doorway to Eastern Europe via the relaxed Yugoslav frontier with its two-way automobile traffic. It's a marvelous city to walk in, past old palaces and churches and aristocratic old streets below the castle, and equally marvelous to shop in. There is a large and famous university, a permanent opera that will produce this winter Wagner's complete *Nibelungen Ring* (more than our Met will do), a permanent theater, concerts—and all the amenities are within walking distance.

The part of Styria that enchants me most are not the vast forests and their unbelievably tall pines or the mountains where you can shoot

chamois, but the Wienstrasse, at the Yugoslav border, where the delicious Styrian wine grows. This region, reminiscent of the Umbrian and Tuscan countryside, framed by Yugoslav mountain ranges, is delicious beyond words and very little known, even in Austria. I could go on about Graz, and about Klagenfurt, the charming capital of Carinthia, much smaller and quieter. Suffice it to say that these cities have good hotels, which make them suitable as headquarters for anyone in search of the real Austria and not that of mob tourism.

As for the food, I found it surprisingly uniform. Austria, unlike France or Italy, has few regional specialties, and its cuisine all over was and is influenced by that of Vienna. I have eaten in all sorts of establishments, deluxe to simple peasant pub, and basically the menu is the same. The difference lies in the cooking, and even there, I found few outstanding meals. The food is almost invariably palatable and pleasant in a homecooked way, and I thought that I've never been in another country where all the restaurant food tasted homecooked rather than like restaurant food. Smoked pork, schnitzel and veal prevail. Vegetables are not much eaten, but the soups are good. The cakes and desserts, however, are the outstanding part of Austrian cooking and I wish capacity had been greater to sample them all. And yes, Virginia, they are eaten with loads of whipped cream (but not by the young folks). The Austrians have a very casual attitude toward food, which I thought showed in the way food is served. In all but the rather posh or hotel restaurants, the table is never properly set as in France or Italy. Instead, a fork and knife wrapped in a paper napkin sit in a plate which is plunked down in front of you. Far more stress is put on what you drink, and this is the first thing a special waiter or waitress will ask you. When you say that this depends on what you are going to eat, they look surprised. Everything is strictly *à la carte*—a piece of meat is almost always served by itself, with dumpling or potatoes or rice or vegetable or whatever as an extra. I like it as a system since it gives one's taste leeway. A remarkable country. I hate to leave.

THOSE vociferous misguided citizens who desire to compel the removal of *The Scarlet Letter* or *Little Black Sambo* or 1984 from the shelves of public libraries are not the only in-temperate censors. Sometimes librarians themselves literally become book-burners.

One of the more amusing cases in point has to do with Mr. Ray Bradbury's romance *Fahrenheit 451*—which, of course, is about the destruction by fire of all literature in a democratic despotism of the not-very-distant future. An educational firm sent to a school library a consignment of books for small children, among which a copy of *Fahrenheit 451* was included by error. The female librarian of this school dispatched a furious letter to the company, reproaching them for sending "such a horrible book." She concluded by declaring, "I took it right out in back and burned it immediately." Ray Bradbury's vaticinations were fulfilled.

In various states, during recent months, complaints have been made that state or local public libraries refuse to catalogue or circulate certain valuable books because of doctrinaire prejudice against the views of the authors. Your servant has considerable recent experience of ignorance and prejudice by librarian-bureaucrats. This year I donated several hundred books to our little local library. These, with other donations, were sent to a regional library headquarters for cataloguing and for removal of any that seemed unfit for the general public. When the final lot had been returned to our village, members of the library board, to their vexation, discovered that nearly half the books I had donated were missing.

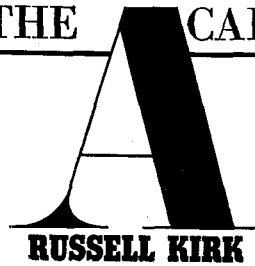
Inquiries were made; the district officials were somewhat evasive, but admitted that those excluded had been burned, literally, and so could not be restored to our library. We proceeded to check on the victims.

About 20 per cent of the books I gave had to do with politics or current affairs; of these, slightly more than half might be classified as liberal,



Kirk

FROM THE ACADEMY



RUSSELL KIRK

and the rest as conservative. The great majority of conservatively-inclined books had been destroyed—but so, too, had a number of the more serious liberal books (perhaps in error).

That wasn't all. Like John Dewey, the district librarians seemed to believe that any book published before 1900 wasn't worth reading. Whether or not a volume touched upon the civil social order, usually it was consigned to the flames if written by a dead author. Thus a set of Macaulay's *History of England* perished, and a set of O. Henry's stories.

Also certain publishers and categories of writers seemed to be singled out for oblivion. Whether or not they had aught to do with politics, nearly all publications of the Henry Regnery Company perished—including books by some of the most distinguished writers of this century. Anyone who writes for the *Chicago Tribune* expired in this *auto-da-fé*. Almost any volume with the word "Communism" in its title went up in smoke.

I list here some of the martyrs. (In some instances, the librarian-bureaucrats said they just didn't know what could have happened to these books.) The reader may perceive a certain pattern.

McGuire, *There's Freedom for the Brave*; Valentine, *The Age of Conformity*; Lasky, *The Ugly Russian*; Worthy, *Big Business and Free Men*; Evans, *The Politics of Surrender*; Morley, *Gumption Island*; Kirk, *A Program for Conservatives*; Palyi, *The Dollar Dilemma*; Palyi, *An Inflation Primer*; Hazlitt, *Prosperity through Freedom*; Abels, *The Truman Scandals*; Manly, *The UN Record*; Manly, *The Twenty-Year Revolution*; Lane, *Give Me Liberty*.

The incinerating librarians declared, in tardy apology, that people don't use books on current affairs on the shelves of small libraries, and that they didn't want our local library to

waste space. It was interesting, however, that they had spared seven volumes of the writings of Chester Bowles, four volumes by Vance Packard, one by Norman Thomas, and one by Bishop Oxnham—all donated by me.

A useful collection of books on current politics and troubles in the Near and Middle East was destroyed, although every point of view was represented in those volumes. Wriston's *Strategy of Peace*, Caldwell's *Still the Rice Grows Green*, Walker's *The China Danger*, Ketchum's *What is Communism?* and *What is Democracy?*, and Larsen's *Nightmare of the Innocents* were burnt to prevent the corruption of our local readers. So were Angle's *The American Reader*, Smith's *One Nation Under God*, and Rossiter's, Brooks', and Fox's *Freedom and the University*. Even Robert Hutchins' educational writings (four volumes) were extirpated—possibly because Hutchins is no Deweyite.

Among the confused excuses put forward by the book-burners was the argument that they are guided in selection by the *Standard Catalog for Public Libraries*, published by the H. W. Wilson Company. If a book isn't recommended in this holy and infallible work—why, to Gehenna with it.

Most librarians, of course, are sensible and fairly tolerant people. I checked with some librarian friends of mine. One writes, "As for the Wilson lists, they are used as buying guides, but are skeletal in nature. I wouldn't use those lists as the guide for gift books—think of the valuable historical materials one could throw away, since they are 'unlisted'!" I am assured that no national or state lists of prohibited books are circulated among librarians—not in Michigan, anyway.

But watch out for local ideologues and bigots. They can be the very people who hang up posters in praise of the Freedom to Read.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

NATO And The Nuclear Deterrent

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Pierre M. Gallois is a retired air force general, a leading figure in the French aircraft industry, and one of the few Europeans who are well informed about nuclear matters. Although this reviewer does not agree with all of the author's points, it was a pleasure to study his book, which is free of illusions, does not offer unworkable panaceas, and discusses Western security in a realistic and constructive manner. It is to be hoped that Gallois' work will be translated so that Americans, for once, may be able to go beyond Pentagon stereotypes and academic abstractions.

The objective facts which gave rise to NATO were changing at the time when Mr. Kennedy was assuming the Presidency. The Soviet ICBM put an end to the virtual invulnerability of the United States. Soviet medium-range ballistic missiles greatly augmented the threat against Europe. The initial U.S. strategy for NATO was based on massive retaliation or an automatic first strike. The United States hoped to neutralize the Soviet missile threats through a "counter-force" strategy (i.e., a strategy designed to knock out Soviet rockets before they can be fired). But this strategy was abandoned because the U.S. and the USSR seem presently unable to destroy each other's strike forces.

Since, in case of conflict, the mutual infliction of "unacceptable" damage would be inevitable, both the United States and the Soviet Union have become "sanctuaries." According to Gallois, the United States after 1959 was no longer willing to commit its nuclear forces automatically to defend Europe. The modified U.S. strategy envisages, to oppose Soviet attack in Europe, "graduated" or "controlled" responses. A Soviet nuclear attack on the United States itself would be answered by a nuclear retaliatory or "second strike"; but the United States would not risk its own existence unless directly attacked.

Washington did go through the motions of offering nuclear phantom

forces to Europe. In 1961, Dean Rusk proposed a mixed MRBM and submarine force. The MRBM was dropped; then the submarines were eliminated and surface ships were offered instead; and finally the entire make-believe exercise was suspended.

WASHINGTON was talking about a "multilateral" force, but the British like the French stuck to "multinational" deterrence. Gallois stresses that under present conditions assertive action is feasible only by means of unilateral action, as practiced by the United States, e.g., in Suez, Lebanon, Quemoy, Cuba and Vietnam. Our partners also are entitled to stand up for their interests but, at present, only the United States has the motive and the means to act on a worldwide scale.

NATO is an alliance of divergent interests. The United Kingdom is liquidating most of its obligations outside of Europe. The French desire revitalization. The Germans suffer from the unique burden of their country's being partitioned, of occupying the most exposed geographic position, and of being denied modern weapons. The United States is turning toward Asia. In a very dangerous crisis, the United States might negotiate with the Soviets at the expense of its European allies. In point of fact, Washington is now seeking a *modus vivendi* with the USSR and

offers Moscow the permanent nuclear disarmament of Germany and other American allies.

As soon as the new realities began to be visible, France requested that the purpose, structures, and procedures of NATO be re-examined. This request and subsequent French suggestions for modernization were ignored. France decided to acquire its own nuclear strike force. She left the NATO organization but remained in the alliance. The United States, which had greatly underrated the French nuclear capacity, was shocked. The *force de frappe* was held to be virtually unusable, an invitation to national disaster, and a product of illusions of grandeur. But in December 1965, the Chinese nuclear force, which is of the same order of magnitude as the French, was described by Mr. McNamara as a threat of worldwide significance that ultimately could be directed against Europe and even the United States.

WHEN THE GERMANS became restive about the fact that their security was almost entirely dependent on U.S. readiness to sacrifice New York for Hamburg, Washington suggested that the Europeans should increase their conventional strength to handle border incidents or attacks by small Communist ground forces. Yet it was never explained why Soviet probing actions could not be handled by existing NATO armies. An attack with thirty divisions or more would be an invasion, and not a "probing action."

The follow-on rationalization suggested the alliance should pause before ordering a nuclear riposte—the aggressor might not mean it. During the pause conventional resistance should convince the Soviets that the U.S. does indeed mean it and that the Red Army better go home. But the Soviets would not be playing war games in a "think-tank." If they initiated



Paradoxes de la Paix, by Pierre M. Gallois. Paris, Presses du Temps Présent, 18 francs

the battle, they would, from the outset, use their nuclear weapons to knock out the NATO nuclear arsenal, seize Western Germany and Europe, and be willing to risk all-out war.

"Let's fight conventionally first and switch to nuclear battle only when we no longer can help it." This doctrine so dear to Mr. McNamara's heart is utterly unrealistic. It presupposes that the Pentagon would draw up the war plans for both the Soviets and NATO. It also assumes that it is tactically, technologically, and organizationally feasible to switch, *instantly and on the very battlefield*, from conventional to nuclear fighting; actually, it would be easier to change a cruiser into a submarine.

The brutal fact is that modern technology is pricing large conventional forces out of business. The United States is now the only Western country capable of maintaining both strong conventional and nuclear forces. The nuclear deterrents of France and Britain, however, exist, and consequently three Western fingers are on the nuclear trigger. Washington's effort to monopolize this trigger for the U.S. President has been overtaken by events. Where do we go from here?

Gallois' sanctuary thesis is generally accepted in Europe and underlies the widespread belief that a Soviet attack on Europe is unlikely. But the sanctuary thesis is valid only if the USSR were to consider as "unacceptable" the loss of a few cities and a few million people. It would be invalid if the Kremlin were willing to accept the losses which can be inflicted on the USSR. As long as the nuclear forces of France and Britain remain weak and separate, their deterrent effect would not be nil, but minor. France and Britain cannot be considered as sanctuaries at this time, and they would be well advised to step up their nuclear programs at the expense of their conventional forces.

Even the deterrent effect of the U.S. nuclear forces is not assured. Gallois recognizes that there would be no sanctuary if the Soviet Union could "preventively neutralize" the American arsenal. He doubts such neutralization is feasible: a portion of the U.S. strike force could be launched. But if the extent of damage, as such, is the decisive criterion, this may not

be relevant. McNamara is talking about 135 million American casualties. True, residual Minuteman and Polaris missiles could destroy most Soviet cities, but their nuclear yields are small. Hence Soviet casualties could be kept to a low level through temporary evacuation beyond the urban peripheries. Moreover, Gallois acknowledges the importance of surprise and the potentialities of space, which could preclude more than minuscule retaliation. Some years more of McNamara's anti-modernization management and the Soviet Union could emerge as the only sanctuary power. In any event, a state is a sanctuary only to the extent of its effective nuclear striking power.

If both the U.S. and the USSR were sanctuaries, the main battles would be fought on European territory and the U.S. might not be able to protect or defend Europe. If only the USSR were a sanctuary, the U.S. could not be protected and Europe could not be defended. Neither alternative is acceptable. The solution is for the U.S. to maintain a secure sanctuary status, for the European territories to become genuine sanctuaries, and for the Soviet sanctuary, through NATO superiority and overbalancing of the growing threat, to be made less secure.

I agree with Gallois' notion that the allies should help one another in technology and armaments but that each major member of the alliance should possess its own national deterrent, with the sovereign right—

upheld by the NATO treaty—to commit or not to commit the nuclear force. But Gallois tends to ignore the fact that not all operational jobs can be carried out singly by each member, that some tasks require multinational cooperation (instead of multilateral integration), and that simultaneous joint decisions on nuclear commitment, if and when politically practical, are operationally more effective than successive national decisions.

Both the American and French approaches to NATO are erroneous. The United States is wrong in opposing legitimate defense policies on the part of its allies, especially since Soviet nuclear offensive and defensive power continues to grow more rapidly than European capabilities. Gallois is wrong in assuming that France can be a genuine sanctuary soon and in denying that the vital interests of several states can ever be identical. The American addiction to the non-proliferation treaty, which would replace NATO by a U.S.-USSR entente, is at the core of the main difficulty.

The original purpose of NATO was to deter, repel, or vitiate an all-out Soviet attack on Western Europe as a whole, or an all-out Soviet attack against the United States and Western Europe. This problem can be solved either by the United States assuming whole and exclusive responsibility (which is neither feasible nor credible), or by the sharing of nuclear responsibilities between America and Europe. The real task of NATO still remains to be accomplished.

Fiction

How It Is Way Off Yonder

GUY DAVENPORT

A FRIKAANS LITERATURE is no older than the century, and has only recently begun to blossom out into fiction and *belles lettres* from its sturdy Calvinist roots in history and theology. Eugène Marais, the lawyer who was also a brilliant zoologist and poet, was one of the first South African patriots to commit first-rate writing to a language as inaccessible as Afrikaans, with results that any skilled pessimist could have predicted.

Maeterlinck filched his *Soul of the White Ant* and walked off with a Nobel Prize. Marais is still unknown.

Afrikaans, nevertheless, not only thrives; it has had something of a Renaissance in the past three decades. Like all literatures outside the Atlantic Culture, Afrikaans writing seems quaintly out of step. South America, for instance, had its *fin-de-siècle* day before yesterday, and is about to begin its 1910. Mr. Etienne

Leroux, whose *Sewe Dae by die Silbersteins* was published in Cape Town five years ago—we are lucky to have it so soon, translated by the South African poet Charles Eglinton—properly belongs to the European 1920s. His book, at any rate, could even belong to the 1890s. In lineage its grandparents include Hawthorne and Poe, with more immediate parents in the French *décadence*. The matter of Mr. Leroux's novel, however, is as up-to-date as the newspaper, however neatly he has tucked it within the Art Nouveau scroll-work of his rather gaudy symbolism.

An eligible young bachelor, we are told, is invited to the South African plantation of the millionaire Silbersteins, whose undisguised hope is that he will fluster and marry their daughter Salome. Papa Silberstein is something of a philosopher, and every evening of the seven he stages certain allegorical *tableaux* for the benefit of his son-in-law elect. He believes that a new age of the world has evolved in which the individual no longer exists. "Eternal truths are not carried forward from one period to another—they have to be found anew in each epoch. Each time there is a new self and ours is faceless." For this reason, presumably, his daughter Salome is never introduced to her swain, though it is understood that she is always there among the damsels. At the end of the novel we are no wiser about Salome, and even wonder if she exists. We also wonder if we haven't been had, and our leg pulled.

The novelist may well concede all too wickedly that—yes, indeed, our leg has been pulled. But the world, not he, has done the pulling; that's what the novel's about. Existence has become a blank generalization; all the masks have become the same. The individual no longer exists, only the type. Our actions are characteristic rather than decisive and singular. The theme is as old as the century, and

Seven Days at the Silbersteins, by Etienne Leroux. Houghton, \$4.95

Very Like a Whale, by Ferdinand Mount. Weybright & Talley, \$5

The Taste of Power, by Ladislav Mnacko. Praeger, \$5.95

has troubled, among others, Melville, Conrad and Camus. Mr. Leroux's re-statement is strange and new—and unaccountably eerie.

FERDINAND MOUNT, the accomplished young British journalist, has written a novel, a thoroughly good satiric novel, and yet one's first impulse on putting it down is to long for a novel by Mr. Mount when he has something to write about. His prose is wonderfully plastic; his ear is unfoolable; he is a born story-teller. His tale of what goes on behind the hydrangeas in a London suburb and its outposts (Cannes, Berlin, the City) is English comedy at its best—too good, in fact. So smooth a stylist betrays in his very talent the gift that we soon begin to expect better of. *Item*, that the episodes, each matured as an anecdote in itself, fit together like the coaches on a train. *Item*, that the satirist still has work ahead of him once he has collected his stereotypes, mimicked their most telling automatic gestures, and made a catalogue of their foibles. Mr. Mount has tracked some lovely specimens, popped them into his bottle, and clapped on the lid. Then he blows them a kiss and walks away. Even so, the catch is impressive and full of hope for better things to come, next Mr. Mount chooses to stalk the toothy Englishman in his tweeds and dignity.

LADISLAV MNACKO's *The Taste of Power* is a novel by a "liberal" Czechoslovakian Communist. Banned in Czechoslovakia, it was published in German in Vienna earlier this year and now appears in English, translated by Paul Stevenson. The publishers seem to think that the novel is dynamite and a great revelation. On the contrary, it is a cold grey novel, and what it has to tell of a totalitarian government is what no one has doubted. The author can still see in Communism a jolly workers' paradise singing its lungs out for sheer joy, pausing in its saintly diligence to cast an adoring glance at Lenin's portrait upon the wall.* But that has yet to be. All dictators, it has occurred to Mr. Mnacko, look suspiciously alike. His portrait of a Com-

* Lenin's beard, Mr. Mnacko assures us, was bright carrot. Soviet Realism has decreed that it was a rich Romantic brown.



munist head of state in a nameless country could easily be that of a tyrant anywhere in time and space. The great irony is that he resembles most strongly a petty Nazi satrap.

If *The Taste of Power* is scarcely a revelation to the free world as to what goes on inside Communism, it is nevertheless a classic paradigm of the way power corrupts. A great leader has died, the story goes. He is given a state funeral. The pictures in the newspapers for exactly three days afterwards are the last the state is ever to see of him. Even before his death he had been put down as a non-person. The broad human stains that marred and eventually corrupted his character had been deepened by power. He is replaced by a party leader dull and lifeless enough to be beyond every temptation.

Mr. Mnacko is a novelist of skill and perception. His protagonist is neither a villain nor a saint. He is a passionate man whose struggle for freedom from the Nazis is heroic, whose rise to power is idealistic. The steps by which his idealism changes to a cruel and reckless monomania are dramatically invisible—we follow the course of his depravity as it is reflected in the lives and careers it ruins or obliterates.

There is something shockingly naive about this novel from inside Communism. Had a similar book been written in seventeenth-century Spain it would have been a bawdy little

comedy, ripe of wisdom and sharp in its power to jeer. It would, in any century but ours, have been a lampoon, written by no particular intellect—it would not require one—but would reflect an inventory of ideas both old and obvious. The Communist experiment has gazed for so long now at a shallow and fanatical ideology that it has forgotten the past: not only its past but the historical past in general. Fifty years of fear has made fear constant and unquestioned; and things take on importance only in relation to fear. The Communists are the first self-frightening society

—a curious phenomenon reflected in our own liberals, who adore panic and chaos, and are never more self-important than when frightening themselves. Mr. Mnacko is probably not aware how odd his novel looks to the outside world that has refused to put its hopes in a dictatorship and has long since abandoned the naïveté by which it might be surprised by the wickedness of tyrants or the tendency of human nature toward depravity and greed. If the Communists are disillusioned, that's tough; we can scarcely be expected to shiver with astonishment.

audience will be a number of senators and representatives in whose hands lies the fate of the Corporation for Public Television, the other hot item on the PTV front these days. The Corporation, excogitated by the Carnegie Commission and duly approved by the Senate, came up for a vote in the House around October 1. Its functions would be 1) to dispense money for making programs to be broadcast over local educational stations, and 2) to oversee some sort of "intercommunication for distribution"—that is, a PTV *network* linking existing and future educational stations. For its first year of operation, the Corporation is to get \$9 million in federal funds—a mere trifle; President Johnson wishes to take up the question of long-term financing next year. By then, Friendly's PBL will have shown what it can do.

The Corporation for PTV will not embody all the recommendations of the Carnegie Commission. Noticeably absent is the Commission's suggestion that PTV be financed by a special excise tax on television sets. In general, however, the Corporation will probably follow the anti-centralist line taken by the Carnegie group: lots of local control by stations, not all that much emphasis on "the virtues of live simultaneous transmission"—that is, not a truly national PTV enterprise that would offer live material in prime time in direct competition with commercial network shows.

The centralists of PTV are the Ford Foundation, which last year recommended a full-scale network that would be financed from revenues of a domestic communications satellite. Ford's reasoning: commercial networks will use the satellite because it will be cheaper than the microwave facilities and long-line cables they now rent from AT&T.

SENATOR THURMOND to the contrary, public television is not a plot to set up a government propaganda network (Is the BBC a propaganda network? No, it's just dull). Still, the problem of government interference has not been adequately dealt with. Should a television system supported by public funds editorialize? The Senate said yes; the House is expected to say no. *Could* such a system function freely if its life depended on annual appropriations by Congress? The Carnegie

Television

Turn On, Tune In, Yawn

C. H. SIMONDS

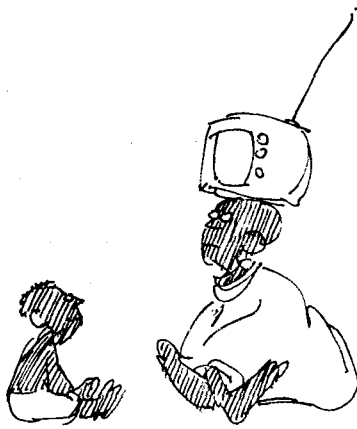
HERE COMES the Millennium, hippity-hoppity, into our living rooms to save us all from boredom, ignorance, despair and whatever else Fred W. Friendly happens to think is ailing the body politic. Public Television (PTV) is here, more or less—or at any rate will be by the time this reaches print (as I write, the voice of the re-run is heard in the land). PTV is educational television writ large; Cinderella has come home from the ball with a new name and a big bagful of money. Our money. What does it all mean?

It means that television, once so shiny-new and full of promise, has somehow failed to make mankind happy, wise, peaceful, tolerant and good—a failure it shares with such other inventions as the alphabet, printing, iambic pentameter, the newspaper, Esperanto, radio, and group therapy (partial list). To the cynically disposed, this failure would seem natural and worth at the most a rueful shrug—but come now the Uplifters, who are never ever cynical and thanks to whom we are about to have PTV. People who don't watch television have of course been railing about the Vast Wasteland for years now, but only recently have they been able to capture the imaginations of those who get things done: specifically, the President, the Congress and the Ford Foundation.

And so this fall you will be able

(if your town has an educational TV station) to tune in every Sunday evening to a two-hour live special designed to show all the wonderful things television can do once freed from evil commercialism. That "live" is the important thing: heretofore, educational TV has had to rely on taped material distributed to individual stations, principally by National Educational Television (NET). The Sunday experiment will be shown live on a nationwide hookup linking, its producers hope, all of the country's 124 non-commercial stations. It will be produced by the Public Broadcast Laboratory (PBL), a child of Mother Ford, whose consultant on television is, yes, Fred W. Friendly. It will offer documentaries, in-depth reports, cultural events of great significance—everything. Walter Lippmann will comment, Edgar Snow will show his very own movies of Red China. For all I know, Mary McCarthy may show the ladies how to prepare Rice Ho Chi Minh. Editorial policy will be formulated by a board to include the likes of Thomas P. F. Hoving and Norman Cousins. Five'll get you ten it will be a great big bore, but the clerisy will put down their *New Republic* and *Commentary* and stare enchanted.

The PBL experiment is supposed to be daring, innovative, a bold new departure—but it may blunt its fangs just a bit, because out there in the



Commission thought not, and so proposed the excise tax on TV sets (revenues to be held in trust by the Treasury Department, which opens whole new horizons for federal meddling); Ford's satellite proposal (which seems to have gone by the board at least for now) would have removed PTV even further from congressional or executive interference. To be sure, federally-assisted programming raises all sorts of specters; since we seem doomed to have it, it is probably well that the Carnegie Commission's local-autonomy approach is being listened to in Washington.

In any event, there is a depressing note of me-tooism in all the heady claims made for PTV: they boil down to "Give us as much money as the commercial networks spend, and we'll change the world!" This could easily lead to an alternative network that would be no alternative at all because dominated by the same concerns that obsess commercial television: luring audiences and filling time. The active

management of a PTV network built along the lines suggested by the Ford Foundation could come to feel that to keep the money coming in, it must keep the people watching at any cost.

Then there is the question of the effect of PTV on the commercial networks. Allegedly, it will spark the networks to compete in the excellence market—but mightn't it just as easily give them an excuse to forget about quality programming altogether? The 1966-67 season gave indications that the level of commercial television may be inching upward: the success of such offerings as *The Final War of Olly Winter*, *Death of a Salesman*, CBS' four-part "inquiry" into the Warren Report (which led in the ratings on four consecutive nights of prime time) and a flock of other dramatic and news features, has led the networks to devote more time to such material in 1967-68. Is the average viewer's taste improving? If it is, it can't have gotten there by itself.

Ignoring this, the Uplifters have, by embracing PTV, abandoned the common man to his imagined hopeless boobery: what they now propose is essentially elite television for the elite and to hell with everybody else. It is probably just as well: the worst that can happen is that the Uplifters will have their own network to watch, paid for by the boobs who will sink back to situation comedies and Westerns; the best, that the boobs won't backslide at all, and PTV will have to work hard to raise itself to the intellectual level of nasty old commercial television.

Report on the Periodicals

PETER P. WITONSKI

➤ "Burke and Radical Freedom," by Jeffrey Hart (*The Review of Politics*, Vol. XXIX, No. 2, Spring 1967).

A distinguished professor of eighteenth-century literature has written an extremely relevant essay on the significance of Burke's political philosophy in the modern world. For Jeffrey Hart, Burke is a contemporary from whom much can be learned. "He is an issue, in a way that Locke is not, and Leibniz is not, and even Mill is not." Hart juxtaposes Burke's concept of freedom and cul-

ture with those of Sartre, Freud, Marx, Georg Simmel, etc., and concludes that Burke stands in our age of revolution for the same thing he stood for in his own—the genius of the West.

➤ "Conceptual Patterns Underlying the Vinland Map," by Thomas Goldstein (*Renaissance News*, Vol. XIX, No. 4, Winter 1966).

It would be difficult to discover a piece of rigorous—indeed, almost pedantic—scholarship attaining the type

of notoriety that the now famous Vinland Map did. The Map itself was thoroughly debated and discussed by hordes of eminent scholars, and still remains the focal point of a great deal of controversy. Professor Goldstein, who has already made several important contributions to the intellectual history of Renaissance cartography, cuts through much of the over-specialized chatter, discussing the map in terms of Strabo, Ptolemy, and the great fifteenth-century scientist Paolo Toscanelli.

➤ "The Rhetoric of History," by J. H. Hexter (*History and Theory*, Vol. VI, No. 1, Spring 1967).

One of the most lucid practitioners of the historian's craft expostulates on "footnotes, quotations, and name lists." These are, of course, fundamental to any scholarly discourse, and it is a rare experience to have them discussed at such length by a historian as great as Professor Hexter, whose own books and articles are models of exacting and civilized historical writing. This essay is a must for young historians.

➤ "The Radical Economics of Milton Friedman," by John Davenport (*Fortune Magazine*, Vol. LXXV, No. 6, June 1967).

Professor Milton Friedman is the leading conservative economist in America today, and his often difficult writings have long begged for a more popular exposition so that the intelligent layman could better understand them. With this in mind, Mr. John Davenport has come to the rescue with a lively and articulate study of Friedman's "radical" approach to the economic problems which plague our society. Beginning with an interesting portrait of Friedman as man and scholar, he carries us through the more complex levels of Friedman's thinking on education, taxation, fiscal policy, monetary policy, and international exchange.

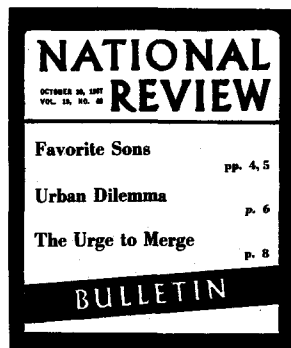
➤ "New Developments in Phenomenology in France: The Phenomenology of Language," by Paul Ricoeur (*Social Research*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 1, Spring 1967).

As early as 1951 the late Professor Maurice Merleau-Ponty had begun his investigation of the problem of language, a problem which had long

Here are 8 good reasons why you should subscribe to the *National Review* BULLETIN -- do it right now and you can get the next 7 issues for just \$1.00

(Average reading time for this ad: 2 mins., 9 secs.)

- If you like to keep up with (and even ahead of) the significant news, then you should *definitely* be reading the *National Review* BULLETIN: it packs a wealth of behind-the-scenes information into its fast-reading eight pages. Its *unduplicated* reporting (8 separate features in all) brings you the kind of *inside* news you simply can't get elsewhere.
- And, if you enjoy *National Review* Magazine, you'll love the BULLETIN! It's the sparkling newsletter that keeps you posted (NR style) on alternate weeks when the magazine is not published. Don't put it off — fill out the handy card *now*, and mail it today and you'll get the next seven important issues of the BULLETIN for only \$1.00.



The trial of Régis Debray has begun, and everybody, especially in Europe, is settling down for a good long Sacco-Vanzetti case. The line is that Mr. Debray, who is frequently described as a "young French philosopher," went to Bolivia in his capacity as a journalist in order to do a story on Che Guevara when suddenly the big bad Bolivian repressors swooped down on him and are now trying to railroad him into thirty years in prison.

The Communist press in Paris in particular is playing the melodrama for all it is worth, and it is worth a great deal because, of course, Mr. Debray is and has been a devoted Communist for a good many years and he didn't go to Bolivia to improve his mind, or to play Ernie Pyle to Che Guevara. He went there to revolutionize, and his going there for that purpose is absolutely consistent with his own proclaimed ambitions to help to spark violent insurrections everywhere in those great reaches of the world as yet unliberated by Russian tanks.

The conviction of Debray (which is predictable) will do a lot to document the nature and extent of Cuban operations in Bolivia, and for that reason it is especially urgent for the Communist press around the world to attempt to discredit the trial of Debray. The recent bloodshed in Venezuela and Bolivia are directly traceable to Cuban-financed and Cuban-directed revolutionary activity, and it was with concrete proof to this effect in his hands that the foreign minister of Venezuela shook his fists during the recent OAS meeting and demanded concerted military action against Cuba.

But lo, we cannot permit any such thing. It is ironic that at just the moment when we have about 100% American agreement that the ideal solution in Vietnam would have been to have mounted an all-Asian effort against the North Vietnamese, we are doing everything we can to cool the stirrings in Latin America for all-Latin American military activity against Cuban aggression. "Despite Venezuelan threats to 'take the matter into our own hands,' and proposals by Bolivia and Argentina for joint military action," comments the editorial writer for the *New York Times*, "an O.A.S. majority is unlikely to support an invasion of Cuba." Why? "Such a venture would upset the Soviet-American understanding and again raise the threat of nuclear war in the Caribbean."

The Soviet-American understanding, which parenthetically has been alchemized by the historians into a great diplomatic coup by John F. Kennedy, is of no use whatever to Venezuela, Or Bolivia, Or Argentina, or Brazil, or any other of the Latin American nations. Its terms were: the Russians would remove the missiles if the United States promised not to molest Fidel Castro. That agreement is being parlayed into a United States responsibility to prevent other Latin American nations from molesting Castro. And understandably, those nations in which Cubans are busy fostering little Vietnams are utterly unconcerned about promises made by Mr. Kennedy to Mr. Khrushchev, Carlos Andres Pérez, majority leader of the Democratic Action Party that rules Venezuela, put his finger on it: "The problem begins and ends with the United States, whose interest in maintaining rapprochement with the Soviet Union necessarily limits the position it takes in the OAS." And so here we are again, aspiring in our dealings with Latin America, to what one commentator bitterly identified as our crowning ambition: to emerge as head leader of the neutralist camp.

THE WEEK

IN ROBERT G. SPENCER'S Washington newsletter reports the following paragraph from a letter sent to a Southwestern Democrat by Citizens for Kennedy-Fullbright: "Try to find out from the leading party officials in . . . If they will put you on the delegation [to 1968 Democratic convention]. But don't seem to be a Kennedy man or they won't put you on the delegation. Instead, you can pretend to support Johnson and then vote for Kennedy once you get to the convention."

IN WHEN WE COME, AND WHEN WE GO, George Romney is touring the ghettos of America as he once toured Vietnam, to "learn something." What he has learned, in sum, is that to most of the residents he is just another white liberal. In Harlem he was taken for Rockefeller, or Lindsay. Those who recognized him invariably brought up his Mormonism (which relegates Negroes to inferior

OCTOBER 10, 1967 1

IMPORTANT

The BULLETIN is available by subscription only; however, if you pick up your *National Review* from a newsstand, or are reading a friend's copy you are eligible to use the card facing this page. Just enclose it in an envelope with \$1.00 and return it to *National Review*. And if someone beat you to the card simply write direct to Mr. James P. McFadden, c/o *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016, enclosing your \$1.00. He'll see to it that your subscription is entered at this bargain rate and receives prompt attention.

*The BULLETIN is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published. Regular rate: \$7.00 per year available by subscription only.

1. THE WEEK:

A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:

A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:

A provocative report by "Winston," pseudonym for a top Washington correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government—that's why his news beats often appear as headline stories *weeks* after you've read them in the BULLETIN;

4. WHAT'S AHEAD:

A new feature that tells you what to look for in—and behind—current trends;

5. PEOPLE:

The column many BULLETIN readers turn to first. It's not afraid to name names or focus on famous people, often reports items that you won't find in the press or newsmagazines;

6. AT HOME:

A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the *Indianapolis News*. Mr. Evans has established himself as one of the nation's keenest political analysts and is particularly noted for his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues that plague us today.

7. ABROAD:

This unique survey of the foreign scene is compiled from the most important overseas publications plus confidential reports from on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. You'll especially enjoy its panoramic view, and the concentration on important happenings that go unreported here.

8. BUSINESS:

Not a stock-market "dopesheet" but a comprehensive and fascinating column of significant business and financial news. It is designed to interest the layman as well as the expert and has become widely known for its perceptive analysis of business trends both here and abroad. Money, prices, wages, investments, inflation, automation — all the components of our remarkable society — suddenly have a special meaning for you when seen through the eyes of Editor Donald Waterford.

been associated with Anglo-American philosophy. Since that time phenomenological philosophers, particularly in France, have devoted a great deal of energy to this problem, but they have been surprisingly ignored by linguistic philosophers in England and America. Ricoeur traces the origins of phenomenology in France, placing special emphasis on Merleau-Ponty but also discussing such current *doyens* of the French intellectual establishment as Claude Levi-Strauss and Edmund Ortégues. This article is an excellent introduction to a form of philosophy that is widely studied in Europe and generally ignored in America.

➤ "The Principles of a Liberal Social Order," by F. A. Hayek (*Il Politico: Revista di Scienze Politiche*, Vol. XXXI, No. 4, Winter 1966). *Il Politico* is an important international libertarian journal edited by Professor Bruno Leoni and published

by the University of Pavia, Italy. While it is a journal which should normally be of interest to NR readers, the Winter 1966 issue is of particular importance because of Professor Hayek's fascinating analysis of the roots of classical liberal thought. This essay was originally delivered at the Volkswirtschaftliches Seminar of the University of Freiburg, and is a continuation of Hayek's long-standing interest in the philosophy of freedom. It must be noted, for those unfamiliar with Hayek's work, that he has added the term "Old Whig" to the already complex discussion about the meaning of classical liberalism. By Old Whig he means that political and philosophical position personified by Burke, Hume, Adam Smith, Lord Acton, Kant, Schiller, Humboldt, James Madison, John Marshall and Daniel Webster. When he describes himself as an advocate of liberalism, he reminds us that it is the liberalism of continental Europe

as opposed to the collectivistic liberalism which holds sway in America. He concludes the present essay with a call for an end to governmental coercion at all levels of society. Also of interest in the current issue of *Il Politico*: Bruno Leoni's "Two Views of Liberty"; Masatoshi Matsushita's "The Core of Freedom"; Arthur Kemp's "Welfare Without the Welfare State"; P. T. Bauer's "Development Planning, Foreign Aid and Economic Progress"; Otto von Habsburg's "A Policy for Africa"; James B. Buchanan's "Monetary and Fiscal Policies for Economic Growth in a Free Society."

➤ "Jerusalem and Athens," by Leo Strauss (*Commentary*, Vol. XLIII, No. 6, July 1967).

All our hopes are "founded, positively or negatively, directly or indirectly, upon the experience of the past." For Western man these experiences are best seen in the Biblical faith of the

Random Notes

● **BOOKS:** Next Kinsey report will be on sexual behavior among American college students. Survey, to be conducted on twelve unnamed campuses, is being financed by something called the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. . . . Newest Tolkien item is *Smith of Wootton Major*, a small fable (Houghton, November, \$1.95). . . . Vincent Sheean pops up again—this time with *The Arabian Destiny*, to be published by Houghton early next year. . . . Now, the "official biography" of Karen Christenze Dinesen Blixen—Isak Dinesen to you: Parmenia Migel's *Titania* (Random House, November, \$7.95). . . . *The Times Atlas of the World*, edited by John Bartholomew, is an updated version of the five-volume edition of several years ago, with much new material (Houghton, November, \$45). . . . Judith Merrill selects 25 sf tales from her annual anthologies for what must be called

a superanthology, *The Best of the Best* (Delacorte, November, \$6.50).

● **MOVIES:** Now shooting in Sardinia: Universal's *Sunburst*, based on Tennessee Williams' *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, about an aging heiress and a buckish young beach-boy but there may be some rewriting because stars are R. Burton, L. Taylor; also Noël Coward. . . . Next Cinerama offering: Movie based on Peter Schaffer's play, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. . . . Orson Welles will direct *Sarajevo Assassination* for Bosna Film (Yugoslavia), from a script by historian Vladimir Dedijer. . . . Dino DiLaurentiis' *Barbarella*, directed by Roger Vadim, on its way despite illness of star Jane Fonda—she caught cold after filming a scene in which she's attacked and stripped by 2,000 angry hummingbirds. Also in the film is pantomimist Marcel Marceau, in a speaking role.

Romain Gary has turned one of his own short stories, *Birds of Peru*, into a screen vehicle for Jean Seberg (Mme. Gary). . . . Maximilian Schell stars in, and co-produces with Walter Reade, a film version of Kafka's *The Castle*. . . . Film of Carson McCullers' *Reflections in a Golden Eye* (starring Brando and La Taylor) has been completed; now Warner Brothers-Seven Arts is ready to shoot *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*, on Georgia locations. . . . Harry Saltzman, the James Bond man, has finished *The Billion Dollar Brain*, which will be released late this fall. His next project: *Written in the Sand*, starring Michael Caine and dealing with the battle of El Alamein. The United Artists film shoots in Israel this December, with a \$4-million budget. Later next year, Saltzman will start the (probably) last Bond film, *sans* Sean, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*.

Jews and the philosophy of the Greeks, in the cities of Jerusalem and Athens. Indeed, the prophets of the Old Testament and the philosophers of Hellas are the major sources of our own culture. With this in mind Professor Leo Strauss, the eminent conservative political philosopher from the University of Chicago, endeavors to analyze the essential similarities and differences of the Jewish culture of Jerusalem and the Greek culture of Athens, concluding with a brilliant discussion of the Socratic mission. For Socrates, the perfectly just man was the philosopher; for the prophets the just man was the loyal servant of God.

> "The Apprenticeship of J. William Fulbright," by Kenneth W. Grundy, (*The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Vol. XLVI, No. 3, Summer 1967).

The Liberal Establishment has long since succeeded in transforming the junior senator from Arkansas—despite the banality of his foreign policy pronouncements and the primitiveness of his position on civil rights—into a paragon of virtue and in-



tellect. While Mr. Grundy's generally favorable article does little to dispel these myths, it does shed a great deal of light on Senator Fulbright's highly influential career during the formative years before he acceded to the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Fulbright's rise from the position of being a typically lackluster Southern politico to his present position of power is excellently treated. Those sections dealing with the relationship between him and the late John Foster Dulles will be found to be of particular interest.

> "Hermann J. Weigand and a Letter from Thomas Mann: The Critical Dialogue," by Theodore Ziolkowski (*The Yale Review*, Vol. LVI, No. 4, Summer 1967).

Professor Hermann J. Weigand's reputation as the leading expert on German literature in America is well deserved. His seminal studies of Kleist, Schiller, Rilke, and Broch, along with his explorations into German, English and Provençal literature have given him a unique position among twentieth-century literary scholars. But to most people, as Mr. Ziolkowski points out, Weigand is simply "the Thomas Mann expert," and it is in this connection that this article is of profound significance. Ziolkowski places Weigand's approach to literature in a new perspective with the translation of a previously unpublished letter from Thomas Mann, written in response to Weigand's study of *Der Erwählte*. It is a critical dialogue between the scholar-novelist and the ideal scholar-critic. Mann replied to Weigand's essay with his own critique, thus teaching us a great deal both about the art of criticism and the art of Thomas Mann.

> "The Literary Censorship in England," by C. H. Rolph (*The Kenyon Review*, Vol. XXIX, No. 3 Summer 1967).

The subject of artistic and literary censorship in England—an exceedingly pervasive problem—has traditionally been swept under the carpet. Nevertheless it exists, and it is impossible, for example, to attend a film in Britain without encountering the Censor's seal of approval or disapproval. Mr. C. H. Rolph of the *New Statesman* has written a thoughtful account of the numerous obstacles both official (in the form of the Obscene Publications Act of 1959) and unofficial (in the form of private censorship), standing between the writer and the public in today's Britain.

> "American Intellectuals and Foreign Policy," by Irving Kristol (*Foreign Affairs*, Vol. XLV, No. 4, Summer 1967).

There has been a good deal of flatulent bombast written about the relationship between the American intellectual community and foreign policy. Irving Kristol, an often perceptive critic, does little to clarify the initial confusion, although he does succeed

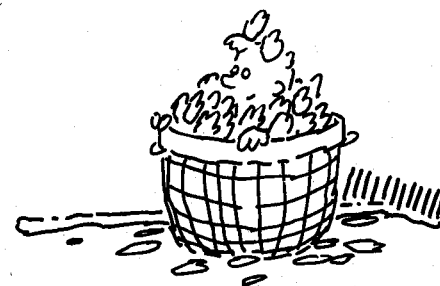
in presenting us with an excellent picture of the American intellectual. Kristol views American intellectuals as the natural replacements of the sermonizing clerics of an earlier era. They combine an "unshakable faith in the 'natural' . . . wisdom of the sincere . . . uncorruptible individual" with a strong disrespect for tradition, which may at least partially explain why so many intellectuals have all but thrown their lot in with the Vietcong. Kristol dubs the ideology of the intellectual establishment "transcendentalist populism"—a kind of gushy amalgam of Emersonian individualism and ADA liberalism. Any intellectual refusing to conform to this ideology will be "subjected to the scorn and contempt of the intellectual community as a whole."

> "Mao's China: The Decline of a Dynasty," by L. La Dang (*Foreign Affairs*, Vol. XLV, No. 4, Summer 1967).

Foreign Affairs has published a good deal of excellent information on China in recent issues, and this article is no exception. In present-day China, Mr. Dang sees all the symptoms of dynastic decline: "a central power that has been too cruel; the intriguing court—only the eunuchs are missing; disloyalty of many ministers; division in the army . . . and—an infallible sign—the appearance of secret societies. . ." While the article is sketchy and does not supply all the answers to the turmoil caused by the Cultural Revolution, it is packed with important information, which greatly enhances our understanding of the men who are currently ruling China.

> "Remembrance of the 'Times,'" by Gareth Garrett (*The American Scholar*, Vol. XXXVI, No. 3, Summer 1967).

When Gareth Garrett, the great liber-



tarian conservative, died in 1954, he left behind a vast amount of manuscript material which was only saved

from incineration by the foresight of Mr. R. C. Cornuelle. Mr. Garrett had, at various periods during his long career, edited the editorial pages of the *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune*, and acted as the chief pundit for the old *Saturday Evening Post*, where his blistering critiques of the New Deal earned him many enemies. The present article is a fragment of a journal Garrett kept from May 1, 1916 until June 15, 1916. The journal is devoted to life at the *New York Times*, and gives us a highly revealing portrait of the late Adolph S. Ochs. I hope the next few years will see the publication of all of Mr. Garrett's journals, for they are beautifully written and give us a greater insight into the mind of one of our century's great individualists.

> "On 'The Wealth of Nations,'" by Clyde E. Dankert (*The South Atlantic Quarterly*, Vol. LXVI, No. 2, Spring 1967).

The Wealth of Nations is not only one of the greatest economic studies of all time, it is a work of literature in its own right; and Professor Dankert writes of it "not in terms of its subject matter but in terms of its characteristics as a literary production." By so doing, he helps to place it in the intellectual perspective of the eighteenth century, as well as to explain the difficulties that went into its writing.

NIXON

(Continued from p. 1119)

Dr. Parkinson was grass-green in national politics. Gov. Bellmon, while he can talk on equal terms with most party figures, is neither willing nor able to run a Presidential campaign. Working against his successor—whoever he may be—are the nature and experience of the candidate. Nixon has been through seven national campaigns—1952, 1954, 1956, 1958, 1960, 1964, and 1966. It is unlikely that he will dump his political fortunes in the hands of a neophyte, however talented.

Who else is there? Both Bob Finch and Leonard Hall have run Presidential campaigns for Nixon before—they shared the top job in 1960. But Finch is tied down in Sacramento and Hall has thrown in with Romney. Hall, looking for a winner in what may be his last national effort, made an uncharacteristically precipitous

(Continued on p. 1137)

CALLING ALL CONSERVATIVES

**Here's Something
You Won't Want
to Miss**

*The Fifth Anniversary
Dinner of the*
CONSERVATIVE PARTY
of
NEW YORK STATE

SPEAKERS

**Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Dean Paul Adams
John Ashbrook**



DATE: Monday, October 16th

PLACE: Grand Ballroom—
New York Hilton (6th Avenue
and 53rd Street)

TIME: Cocktails—6:30
Dinner—7:30

DRESS—OPTIONAL • TICKETS: \$25.00 PER PERSON

For Information

CALL TN 7-6550



created for you alone...

a **nettle**  **CREEK** bedroom hideaway



What a divine idea. Your bedroom transformed into a tranquil retreat of beauty and elegance. Magnificent draperies and curtains . . . a sumptuous bedspread and all those famous Nettle Creek touches in pillows and accent furniture. The result is a bedroom that's custom-made for you. And it only looks like it costs a king's ransom. Send one dollar for color book "Beautiful Bedrooms V". Nettle Creek Industries, Department E-9, Peacock Road, Richmond, Indiana.

**"No one who is thinking,
talking, arguing about,
or dealing with Russia...
can ignore
this book."**

—Library Journal

WORKERS' PARADISE LOST should be required reading in the chancelleries of the world.¹ It is timely, persuasive, exciting.² Eugene Lyons provides a fascinating reexamination of the Soviet "utopia" in its fiftieth year.³

¹Irene Corbally Kuhn, King Features Syndicate. ²Lowell Thomas. ³Edgar Ansel Mowrer.

Workers' Paradise Lost

FIFTY YEARS OF
SOVIET COMMUNISM:
A BALANCE SHEET

**Eugene
Lyons**

\$6.95. At all booksellers.



FUNK & WAGNALLS 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

A division of Reader's Digest Books, Inc.

OPERATION 1968

(Continued from p. 1117)

conservatives, in return for the nomination of a Presidential candidate of their choice? First and foremost, and unpalatable as it may be, they must be prepared to dramatize the unity of the GOP by acquiescing in the nomination of a liberal Vice-Presidential nominee. Ticket balancing—not only ideological but geographical—is of the very essence of American national politics. No one supposes that John Kennedy, the Massachusetts liberal, actually enjoyed picking Lyndon Johnson, the Texas wheeler-dealer, as his running-mate in 1960; yet that was the combination that gave the Democrats their best chance of victory in that razor-edged election.

More broadly, conservatives must permit their Presidential candidate the necessary latitude to bring into his campaign—and inferentially into his Administration if elected—a just proportion of the so-called "moderate" Republicans. A classic example of the sort of thing involved here was provided by Reagan's 1966 gubernatorial campaign and its aftermath. Scarcely had he wrested the nomination from liberal Republican George Christopher when a faction of the further-out California rightists began to yelp that Reagan had "sold out" to the liberals. This, on inspection, turned out to be largely because he had selected, as one of his closest personal aides, a former staff employee of liberal Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel. Fortunately for the cause of conservatism, Reagan was not fazed: he kept right on preaching—and practicing—party unity, and as a result is today giving Californians, including his ungrateful rightist critics, the most conservative-oriented (and most popular) administration in the state's modern history.

The charge of "sell-out," applied to a conservative Republican in such circumstances, is pure baloney—and dangerous at that. It is obvious that a conservative who trimmed his principles in a campaign against Lyndon Johnson would actually be weakening his chance of election, for he could scarcely hope to beat Old Swivel Hips at the game of being all things to all men. But we simply must win the support of a great many Americans, Republicans included, who voted against Barry Goldwater. If we conservatives are unwilling not only to

accept this necessity but to applaud the kind of campaign that recognizes it, then we deserve that broken stool beside the kitchen fireplace to which America's liberals have so long and successfully relegated us.

At bottom, of course, it is a matter of percentages—of “the breakage,” as politicians call it. There are some liberal Republicans so livid with hatred of their conservative brethren that no candidate this side of Lindsay could keep them from stabbing “their” Party in the back again, as they did with such gusto in 1964. On the other hand there are unquestionably rightist kooks who can hardly wait to bolt to Wallace the minute a conservative Republican nominee reveals the slightest ability to attract votes outside of Mobile, Alabama. In between, one hopes—one prays, for our country's future is at stake—are the great bulk of American conservatives: dominant in the Republican Party, and prepared at last to bid seriously for ultimate power in the American society as a whole.

I said our country's future is at stake. A cliché, to be sure; it is almost always at stake in a Presidential election. But in 1968, as Red China approaches the status of a first-class nuclear power and America's major cities seethe with racial tension, even the cliché takes on overtones chillingly fresh. Time may be growing short indeed, and the day for saving this republic closer than we know.

Can it be done? It certainly cannot be done by excluding from our ranks everyone but Thee and Me (and perhaps even Thee . . .). Nor can it be done by going once more through motions that were, as a matter of pure history, insufficient to win the Presidency. It can only be done by broadening conservatism's base among the great mass of the voters, Republicans and Democrats alike, until the truths we stand for reach and win at last the questing, questioning hearts of a majority of Americans.

Reprints of this article will be available at the following prices:

Single copy 25¢

5 copies \$ 1.00

100 copies \$20.00

Write direct to Dept. 65
National Review, 150 East 35 St.
New York, N.Y. 10016



You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking!

TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple — yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depends upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view — to be receptive to your proposals?

Demonstrable Facts

How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably—*get across to him or her your ideas*? That thoughts can be transmitted, received and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact — not fable. The method whereby these things can be *intentionally*, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians — one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have pri-

vately taught this nearly-lost art of the practical use of mind power.

This FREE Book Points Out the Way

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) invite you to explore the powers of your mind. Their sensible, simple suggestions have caused intelligent men and women to soar to new heights of accomplishment. *They will show you* how to use your natural forces and talents to do things you now think are beyond your ability. Send today for your *free* copy of the fascinating book, “The Mastery of Life” which explains how you may receive this unique wisdom and benefit by its application to your daily affairs. Use the coupon below or simply write: Scribe T.C.A.

The Rosicrucians (AMORC)

SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA 95114

Scribe T.C.A.

The Rosicrucians, AMORC
San Jose, California 95114

Kindly send me a free copy of the book, “The Mastery of Life.” I am interested in learning how I may receive instructions about the full use of my natural powers.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
Please Include Your Zip Code

(Continued from p. 1122)

ample is the disgracefully cordial reception here of Premier Kosygin, that morose, unlovable figure, Stalin's tool (as his mere survival proves), at one time a member of the government that signed the Nazi-Soviet Pact, now the head of a State that imprisons its writers on unconstitutional charges. Bulganin and Khrushchev, far more amiable old things, had a rougher trip; but Leftyism was not trendy in their day. And they, the Pact, Stalin, Sinyavsky and Daniel are all non-facts in the Lefty consciousness.

Or rather—to take a step nearer the crunch—fact and non-fact at once. We are dealing with a conflict of feeling and intelligence, a form of wilful self-deception whereby a part of the mind knows full well that its overall belief is false or wicked, but the emotional need to believe is so strong that the knowledge remains, as it were, encysted, isolated, powerless to influence word and deed.

Again, I confess I speak from experience. I once assented to Lenin's epigram, "Liberty is indeed a precious commodity—so precious that it must be rationed," although I knew it was evil sophistry. "In Russia," somebody who claimed to have been there said, "they're amazed when you ask why people can't vote against Stalin. 'But who would ever want to?' they say." I thought that was awfully good; but I knew it was wrong.

What I did not then know—I must not be too hard on myself—was just how many people were to have died for having wanted to vote that way, or for having looked vaguely as if they might want to. This is known now, all right, or rather not-known. So are more recent facts, or non-facts.

Any Lefty who can read, or ask questions, *knows* that there is nothing to be said for a system which, economically, has taken fifty years to do what capitalism could have done in less than twenty and, politically, has in some respects not yet caught up with the Czars, far less with the Provisional Government of 1917. He *knows* that East Germany and Poland are full of misery and corruption. He *knows*, above all, however hard he tells himself "things are getting better there," that things could get much better there and still be

*Twelve
years
ago . . .*

*. . . We guaranteed
that our
fiber-glass handles
would not break,
bend or collapse
in normal use.*

We still do!



**BUY THE BEST
... BUY PLUMB®**

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, INCORPORATED • PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19137

bloody awful, still be what at his Leftiest he could never wish for himself and his family. He knows, but the knowledge is unreachable, unusable.

It is, if you like, easy for me, I have done all right (but, forgive me, so have plenty of others). Growing older, I have lost the need to be political, which means in this country, the need to be Left. I am driven into grudging toleration of the Conservative Party because it is the party of non-politics, of resistance to politics. I have seen how many of the evils of life—failure, loneliness, fear, boredom, inability to communicate—are ineradicable by political means, and that attempts so to eradicate them are disastrous.

The ideal of the brotherhood of man, the building of the Just City, is one that cannot be discarded without lifelong feelings of disappointment and loss. But, if we are to live in the real world, discard it we must. Its very nobility makes the results of its breakdown doubly horrifying, and it breaks down, as it always will, not by some external agency but because it cannot work.

You cannot *decide* to have brotherhood; if you start trying to enforce it, you will before long find yourself enforcing something very different, and much worse than mere absence of brotherhood. All you can reasonably work for is keeping things going, plus as much improvement as they will stand: an injustice righted here, an opportunity extended there. This is not a very romantic-sounding program. In fact it is not a program at all. I like that.

*Reprinted from the *Sunday Telegraph*

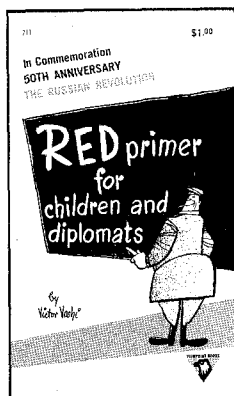
NIXON

(Continued from p. 1133)

alliance with Romney. A divorce is possible, but there are only rumors to date. Fred Seaton is an outside possibility. At least he wants the job. But his popularity with party people has never been o'erbrimming. Herbert Brownell, who has pitched big games before? His heart belongs elsewhere. Clifton White, the organizing genius of the Goldwater nomination campaign? A possibility, though Nixon may have to wait his turn in line. The elevation of a top staff man? Probably not. It would

stir suspicions among party pros that Nixon intended to run his own show again.

It will be exceedingly interesting to political astronomers in general and to conservatives in particular to track these stars under the aspect of Richard Nixon. His choice for the top spot must be satisfactory not only to Nixon—someone from whom Nixon can take advice—but to the constituent elements of his support. It will be a tough decision. Perhaps half a crisis.



A NEW BOOK

Published in Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the Russian Revolution

224 Pages of Satire and Clever Cartoons!

This is the chronological history of fifty years of Communism (1917-1967), the story of slaughter, butchery, murder, treachery, deceit, lies, broken promises and slave labor camps — all in powerful cartoons.

You will run the gamut of emotions, from side-splitting laughter — to abject horror, terror and disgust.

This is a report of the oppression of proud and decent people by a handful of tyrants. . . . It is authored by one of Hungary's top political cartoonists, Victor Vashi, who lived through the Soviet occupation of his native land.



Mail to: VIEWPOINT BOOKS
P.O. Box 9622 San Diego, California, 92109

Order Form: **RED primer** Quantity Prices:
1 Copy \$1 10 Copies \$5 100 Copies \$30
3 Copies \$2 25 Copies \$10 500 Copies \$140
1,000 or more Copies \$25 ea.
On orders of 10 or more
California residents add 5% sales tax.

For Rush Orders Shipped Special Handling, Add \$1.00 Per 100 Books or Fraction Thereof.

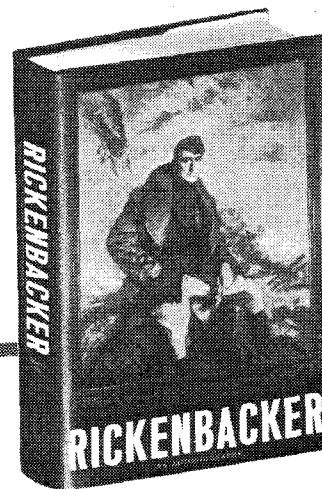
Please send me _____ copies. Payment of \$_____ enclosed.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

The saga of an unforgettable
hero who lived the
American dream as no one
will ever live it again



"A FASCINATING STORY,"

says General J. P. McConnell, Chief of Staff, USAF, "Suspense and adventure, humor and down-to-earth philosophy... a most interesting and delightful volume of wide public appeal."

"WILL LIVE FOREVER,"

says J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI, "in the annals of America's great heroes... reflects the faith in God which has given him strength and courage throughout his life."

"CAPTAIN EDDIE'S LOVE OF COUNTRY,"

says Francis Cardinal Spellman, "and his concern for her safety and welfare are typical of the manner in which Americans place love of country before all personal ambition."

"EDDIE RICKENBACKER WAS MY BOYHOOD IDOL,"

says Arthur Godfrey, "I have always been devoted to his patriotism and magnificent personal courage which is an inspiring example for all Americans to follow."

A Selection of the
Conservative Book Club

RICKENBACKER
An Autobiography

At bookstores, \$7.95
Lavishly illustrated

PRENTICE-HALL

Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S
TRANS-O-GRAM (Oct. 3)
EIGHT MEN OUT
Eliot Asinof

Baseball . . . was our national game; its stars were national heroes, revered by kids and adults alike, in all classes of our society. In the public mind, the image was pure and patriotic. The game had become part of our culture, intruding on our very speech patterns.

ANNOUNCING.. The
GOURMAN REPORT

AN INVALUABLE NEW COLLEGE RATING SERVICE FOR ALL WHO HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF ADVISING ABOUT AND INFLUENCING A STUDENT OR PARENT IN THE CHOICE OF A COLLEGE.

CONFIDENTIAL-AUTHORITATIVE-OBJECTIVE
UP-TO-DATE

and the only such service available today for the millions of concerned students, counselors, parents and admission directors of America who want to make sure a student gets into the right school for developing his highest potential.

Dr. Russell Kirk, Educator, Author and Lecturer in his review of the Gourman Report in June 21st issue of National Review* writes:

"Nearly every four-year college in this land is examined by Professor Gourman—who is not a mere statistician, but is hot in the pursuit of excellence. I find him amazingly accurate, so far as I am able to judge."

NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH A COMPLETE, UP-TO-DATE SERVICE BEEN ATTEMPTED IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION—AND NEVER WAS IT SO SORELY NEEDED AS NOW.

AND TO KEEP YOU UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ON NEW DEVELOPMENTS AMONG THE COLLEGES...

The
GOURMAN LETTER

a bimonthly up-dating service, containing information on upgraded schools and departments, changes in ratings.

Subscribe today for

The Gourman Report \$17.50
The Gourman Letter \$ 5.00

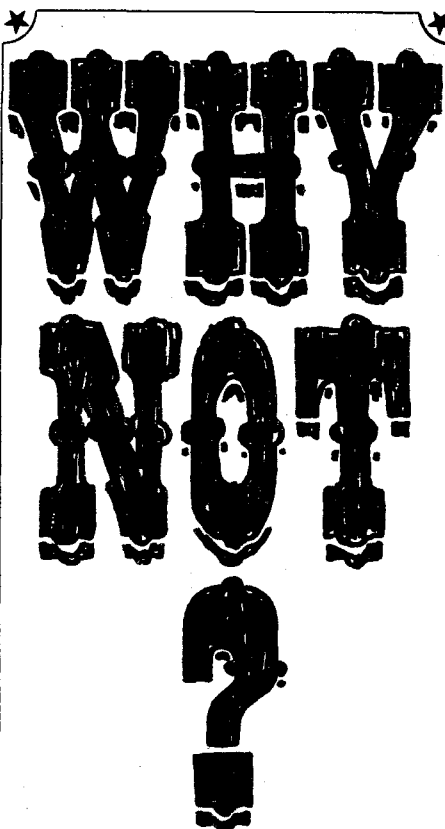
Charter Subscribers will receive both the Gourman Report and a year's subscription to the Gourman Letter for only:

\$17.50
A SAVING OF \$5.00!

Compiled by Professor Jack Gourman for the Educational Service Division of:

The Continuing Education
Institute, inc.

1725 K Street, N.W./Washington, D.C. 20006
1721 E. McDowell Rd/Phoenix, Ariz. 85006



Why not *really* pep up your next meeting? If your club or organization meetings have been getting routine and humdrum lately try this simple remedy — Drop a line to Catherine Babcock Inc.

We'll furnish you with a speaker guaranteed to make your gathering a truly memorable occasion. We have the finest conservative speakers in the land and they are available to you now.

Remember, all you have to do to get started is just drop us a line telling the name of your organization and when you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

BURNHAM

(Continued from p. 1111)

few years ago MSU was a modest cow-town teachers and technical college with a few hundred students. Last week, with "university" now in its title, it was registering just short of seven thousand. I can't testify to its academic standing, though its specialties of agriculture, geology, mining engineering, forestry and ecology indicate a sensible relation to its environment, but it was easy to see the proof of spectacular physical progress. The dozens of new buildings, moreover—dormitories, class and lecture halls, laboratories, fraternities that are also dormitories, and, naturally, administrative centers—were architecturally pleasing, in some cases—a bold suspended-roof stadium-auditorium, for example—distinguished. The campus lawns, trees and flowers were surprising in the midst of the windswept northern prairies.

Education, whatever else it is, is today Big Business in a full sense that was not true of education twenty years ago when I took a six months' 20,000-mile drive around the country. It is in fact the Biggest Business, except maybe for armaments. Education being a huge business operation in the mass market, it cannot possibly avoid adapting itself, or being adapted, to the general pattern of mass-production, technologically advanced, bureaucratized modern industry. Naturally, then, teachers begin to organize and strike, administration shifts into the hands of professional managers instead of scholars, competition for funds, public and private, becomes furious, calling for the highest skills of the public relators. "Education" in the old outmoded sense lingers eccentrically in a few monastic enclaves.

The one element that no one has quite figured out how to fit smoothly into the Big Business, mass production pattern is the students. It is not hard to see how teachers, administrators, maintenance staffs, etc. can be made integral parts of the picture. What exactly are students: customers, patients, employees, clients, raw material, or perhaps a sort of necessary grease to keep the machinery running? This failure at definition no doubt has some bearing on the formlessness of the student upheavals that are included in the otherwise logical campus revolution.

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

- A. Caulolatilus princeps or Delphinapterus leucas
B. A daughter of Agamemnon
C. What no McTavish ever was (poetic license)
D. National League third baseman; later managed Phillies
E. Pertaining to a neck of land
F. Gordon Llewellyn's last name
G. What one of California's senators sleeps in
H. Unscramble BEN FLAT
I. What not to throw the baby out with
J. What the Navy man sometimes wears
K. A republican or democratic state
L. The jack
M. Units of distance in horse racing
N. Unscramble THREE ANEW

WORDS

3 134 163 51 47 224 171 65 152
12 59 84 114 148 229 153 165 178 195
167 77 68 135 96 144
213 74 4 41 121 86
95 44 103 155 192 183 69 149
85 6 33 146 71 154
123 212 191 106 104 182 61 34 7
189 72 122 158 54 62 196
90 156 193 215 20 166 111 124 75
105 1 89 102 109 133 136 180 199 225 73
118 142 172
32 9 42 76 101 110 131 120 129 227 17
23
79 125 168 217 56
197 66 36 185 99 87 45
218 161 140 57 98 173 126 205 112

DEFINITIONS

- O. City in Ohio that sounds like Salt Lake City
P. What some business envelopes have
Q. Deuterium
R. What a shoppers' guide headquarters might be called
S. He carried his state as a Democrat, Dixiecrat, Republican, and write-in
T. English inventor and engineer
U. To hire
V. A day early in the month
W. U. S. novelist and short-story writer
X. A shy person
Y. The range of a mounted gun for firing heavy projectiles
Z. A gent authorized by another to act on his behalf
a. Lychroscope

WORDS

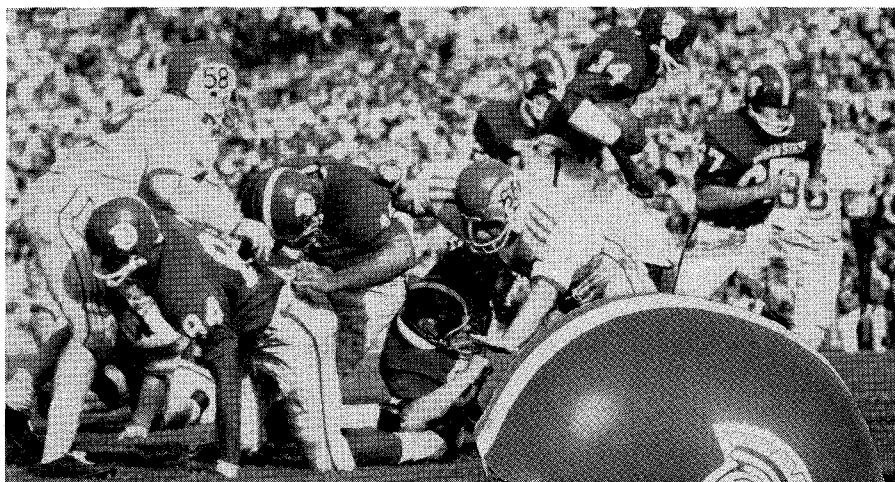
58 28 37 50 116 207 222 31 127 137
100 24 209 181 223 147 48
128 2 21 55 170 194 198 214 10 19 82
91 97
132 221 203 211 175 25 18
139 162 60 67 8 204 176 200
164 30 138 38 40 43 70 78 107 115
177 184 26 88 117 49
179 188 202 130 94
187 216 151 27 219 141 11 206 160
228 29 143 113 201 119 15 169 39
64 35 81 93 208 145 13 46 53 186
220 174 92 16 52
226 5 14 22 63 150 159 210 80 108 157
190 83

See page 1138 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 J	2 Q	3 A	4 D	5 a	6 F	7 G		8 S	9 K	10 Q	11 W	12 B	13 Y	
14 a	15 X	16 Z	17 K			18 R	19 a		20 I	21 Q	22 a	23 K	24 P	25 R	26 U	27 W	28 O	29 X
		30 T	31 O			32 K	33 F	34 G	35 Y	36 M		37 O	38 T		39 X	40 T	41 D	42 K
43 T	44 E	45 M			46 Y	47 A		48 P	49 U	50 O	51 A		52 Z	53 Y		54 H	55 Q	56 L
57 N	58 O			59 B	60 S	61 G	62 H	63 a	64 Y		65 A	66 M	67 S	68 C	69 E	70 T	71 F	
72 H			73 J	74 D	75 I	76 K		77 C	78 T	79 L	80 a	81 Y	82 Q		83 a	84 B	85 F	86 D
		87 M	88 U	89 J			90 I	91 Q	92 Z	93 Y		94 V	95 E	96 C		97 Q	98 N	99 M
100 P	101 K	102 J	103 E	104 G			105 J	106 G	107 T	108 a		109 J	110 K	111 I	112 N	113 X	114 B	115 T
116 O			117 U	118 J	119 X	120 K	121 D	122 H	123 G	124 I	125 L	126 W		127 O	128 Q	129 K	130 V	
131 K	132 R	133 J			134 A	135 C	136 J		137 Q	138 T	139 S		140 N	141 W	142 J	143 X	144 C	
145 Y	146 F	147 P			148 B	149 E	150 a		151 W	152 A	153 B	154 F		155 E	156 I	157 a		158 H
159 a	160 W	161 N			162 S	163 A	164 T		165 B	166 I	167 C	168 L	169 X	170 Q		171 A	172 J	173 N
174 Z	175 R	176 S	177 U			178 B	179 W	180 J	181 P	182 G	183 E	184 U	185 M		186 Y	187 W	188 V	
189 H	190 a	191 G	192 E		193 I	194 Q	195 B	196 R		197 M	198 Q	199 J	200 S	201 X	202 V			203 R
204 S	205 N	206 W	207 O	208 Y	209 P		210 a	211 R	212 G	213 D	214 Q		215 I	216 W	217 L	218 N		
219 W	220 Z	221 R			222 O	223 P		224 A	225 J	226 a	227 K		228 X	229 B				



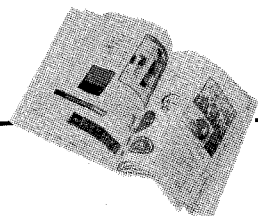
Championship Material!



Again this season, Brady nameplates will be used on every Michigan State football helmet. Why Brady nameplates? Because they apply fast. Bond permanently... even to the contoured surface. But when a nameplate has to take the pounding, scuffing and hard wear of a Spartan tackle, permanence isn't enough. The nameplate has to stay readable. Maintain its color and beauty. So Brady sub-surface prints the Spartan emblem... under tough, clear vinyl.

Looking for a nameplate of proven quality for your product? Look at Brady's full line of materials and capabilities. And remember — substitutes may be good, but they don't bring home championships. Only Brady offers such a full range of materials, special finishes, such a variety of bonding methods. Only Brady, too, offers such expert counsel. Brady consultants are highly skilled, ready to recommend the proper material, the correct adhesive to meet the environmental conditions to which your product could be exposed. Why not write today — no obligation of course.

W. H. BRADY CO., 719 W. Glendale Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53209
Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Tape Products, Identification and Labeling Systems, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. EST. 1914



Get all the facts

Send coupon for brand new catalog. Includes material specifications and application aids. No obligation.

W. H. **BRADY** CO.

719 W. Glendale Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53209

Please send me complete information and samples of Brady nameplates and decorative trim

Name _____
Title _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

AD NO. 25117

classified advertisements

EMPLOYMENT OFFERS

ARTIST. Washington, D.C. area. Must be able to spec type and do color-type pasteup. Experience in layout and design helpful. Good position for young creative person. Write to NR box 18.

WANTED: Alert young lady for assistant to production manager financial and commercial printer Wall St. area. Typing required. Opportunity includes customer and supplier contacts with responsibilities increasing with proof of ability. You will like it here — we do! Write to NR box 22.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Publication seeks conservatively inclined young person for editorial dept. Experience in editing, layout, rewrite helpful. Write fully outlining qualifications, job experience and education. Write NR box 28.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited Opportunities. Latest Government Information \$1.00, Austco, Box 3623-CC, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Speaker on international affairs and domestic problems affecting Cold War. Newsman, specialist on Communism. Travel in over 100 countries—extensive behind Iron Curtain, many wars (Vietnam twice) and most trouble spots. Arrested in Castro's Cuba. Wide speaking experience. Available after November 13. Write to NR box 303.

COLLEGE GRADUATE in Business Administration interested in personnel recruiting. Three years administrative and management experience. Military service completed, married, 28 years old. Resume sent on request. Write to NR box 26.

POLITICAL SCIENCE STUDENT desires employment with congressman or state legislator in research or other duties. Versed in subversive activities. Write Box 1208, Roberts Wesleyan College, Sprague Hall, North Chili, N.Y.

LIBERAL lawyer-social worker with administrative and teaching experience anxious to combine both creatively. I can see both sides. Write to NR box 21.

INVESTMENTS

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and convenient midtown brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 122 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0300. Member of the N.Y. Stock Exchange.

SEEKING PRIVATE LOAN. Work of high artistic, educational value interrupted. Immediate loan necessary for completion of work in England. Participants: Photo-

grapher, high reputation; author, recent controversial book; language graduate, Hons. Cantab. Presentation, photography, available N.Y. Write to NR box 27.

LITERARY

LOCATE any book. Aardvarks. Box 1749-N, Orlando, Fla. 32802.

FORMING a secular institute for Catholic laymen to advance total dedication in the world and a conservative approach to contemporary problems: entitled "La Societo Por Kristo," a vocation for tomorrow. Write to NR box 25.

Anyone who has ever been owned by a cat will be enchanted by "The Story of a Lady" by Belinda Jelliffe. \$1.00. 19 Alden Place, Bronxville, NY. 10708

EVERY ISSUE OF NATIONAL REVIEW magazine plus bulletin. N.Y. residents only. Best offer. Write to NR box 23.

LIBRARY FOR SALE: history, politics, philosophy, biography, Senate and House hearings. Write to NR box 14.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE SEARCH. Any title. Al Hickman, Box 5996, Reno, Nevada 89503.

Writing or speaking on Asia? Perhaps we can be of assistance. Write for information to: Free Asia League, 225 Kearny St. Rm. 407, San Francisco, Calif. 94108.

REAL ESTATE

OAK HILL PLANTATION—17 miles east of Tallahassee, Fla. 320 acres rolling, beautiful land, fine trees, permanent pastures, woodland bridle paths. Includes farm equipment and livestock, outbuildings, office, and fully furnished, nicely updated 4-bedroom, 2-bath home, \$190,000. Financing available. Charles H. Deeb, Realtor. P.O. 467, Tallahassee, Florida 32302.

VERY DESIRABLE 70 ACRES for sale. Level land with high elevation and panoramic views to east, west and south. Owner will give right of way for easy access. \$24,500. Write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. 203-927-3117.

FOR SALE: 45 acres with river and highway frontage. Write box 267, Petoskey, Michigan.

HOUSE HUNTING IN CONN.? From an 8-acre country estate with beautifully restored 1770 colonial barns and kennels at \$95,000 to a compact 3-bedroom ranch at \$38,500, let us solve your housing needs in the Westport, Weston, Wilton area. Write or call Ruth Nash, 3 N. Pasture, Westport, Conn. (203) 226-0183.

ELEGANT SMALL ESTATE—8 miles north of Tallahassee, Fla. 6 lovely, landscaped acres. Prestige Home. Guest cottage. \$65,000. Financing available. Charles H. Deeb, Realtor, P.O. Box 467, Tallahassee, Fla. 32302.

WANTED: Apt. in metropolitan north New Jersey for single man, age 26, Conservative and college grad. Preferably with men of same background. Write to NR Box 20.

FOR SALE: 60 Acres with creek near Little Traverse Bay. Write Box 267, Petoskey, Michigan.

SALES

TOPICAL HUMOR SERVICE and forty speakers' jokebooks. Catalog free. Samples \$5.00. Orben Publications, Dept. 107, Baldwin, N.Y.

COLLECTOR must sell 35 oils, drawings by Joachim Probst. Best offer. Write to NR box 19.

YOU MAY ACQUIRE a U.S. Gov't oil lease. For \$25 we will enter you in the next Dept. of Interior drawing that could net you a Gov't oil/gas lease good for immediate profitable resale to an oil company, and percentage overrides on producing wells, too. For details, send 25¢ in coin to Public Lands Leasing, Inc., Dept. CB-10, 751 S. Park View, L.A., Calif. 90057.

YOUR FAVORITE PICTURE (landscape, seascape or portrait) made into an original oil painting. Any subject, any color scheme, any style, and size. Free information. Write to NR box 24.

INCENSES: Send \$1 or \$2 for fine assortments. 2 steps up, 2439 Haste, Berkeley, Calif.

TRAVEL

WORLD WIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—\$1.25 Rates—Schedules—700 Passenger Carrying Freighters, TravelTips 40-21NZ, Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

DISCOVER OFF-BEAT SIGHTS, distinctive accommodations, unusual transportation, excursion fares, unique tours. . . . US and abroad. Subscribe TRAVEL FACTS, 485 Fifth Ave. Dept. NR2, NYC 10017. 12 monthly issues \$6.

MISCELLANEOUS

IS THERE SUCH A THING as a good conservative novel? You bet there is. Russell Kirk, who had a real humdinger in "Old House of Fear," has a new one in "A Creature of the Twilight." We have fallen heir to 98 copies of this \$6.98 book which we will let go—while they last—for just \$2.98 on a first-come, first-served basis. Send your check or money order for \$2.98 today to NR, Dept. T.

SLEEP-LEARNING . . . Hypnotism. Strange catalog FREE. Autosuggestion, box 24-NL, Olympia, Wash.

DO YOU WANT TO HELP US PUT REV. CLETUS HEALY S.J.'s "The Truth About Communism" in your school? Send \$1 today and receive information, plus the thoroughly documented "Vietnam Series." Write—Cardinal Mindszenty Book Service, P.O. Box 9537 Philadelphia, Pa. 19124.

National

Review

Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus \$1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

WHY not be conservative in religion too? Jeremiah 6:16. For free booklets write: The Sacred Name Broadcast, Bethel, Pa. 19507.

If you buy more than 499 Christmas cards—you don't need me—but I need you! It is almost impossible to earn my way through college, but with your help I can do it. Help a CONSERVATIVE earn a liberal education. I do 90% of my business pre-season, so don't hesitate. Write to Craig: Galt Card Co., 302 Fairmont, Needles, Calif. 92363.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS — Enhance flavor, remove noxious elements by using principle of water filtration. Medical reports from Middle East show incidence of lung cancer in hookah (water pipe) users 1/8th that in regular cigarette smokers. Aquasol cigarette holder with month's supply aquiferous disposable filters, \$2. Prepaid. EMEND CO., 110-47 71st Ave., Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

DO YOU TALK TO OTHER CONSERVATIVES? Most of us do—it's so satisfying. But does it change anything? Do you go that one step beyond? Join the many informed, literate conservatives who do. Write for free flyer that tells you how. Public Action, Inc., 131 E. 69th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10021.

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Business and Personal. Customer's name imprinted. Earn unusually high commissions from this medium- and high-priced line. No investment. No inventory. Free Sample Album. Process Corp. (our 46th year), 3444B S. 54th Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60650.

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons through correspondence. Beginners. Rusty Intermediates. Age No Barrier. CAMEO STUDIO, 251 Cameo Road, Levittown, Pa. 19057.

LARGE TOY TRAINS before 1941 wanted. Describe. Price! Tisa Genz. 28 Division St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.

FAMILY STATUS SYMBOL: free literature. HERALDIST, 2073 Eastern, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

WALLACE FOR PRESIDENT? It's no joke. See why George Wallace wants to be President and how he thinks he can make it. Write now for "What Makes Wallace Run," the sensational new booklet that shows you the "real" George Wallace and his influence—already noticeable—on the '68 elections. 25¢ per copy, 5 for \$1. Write NR Box 68.

EXPO 16½ minutes, rooms \$4-8, music student, downtown Montreal. (514) 931-2721.

FOR THE RECORD

■ Scared of **Richard Nixon**? Not at all, say **Rockefeller** strategists. They're worried about **Ronald Reagan**. They see Reagan candidacy as replay of 1964—a big conservative win at convention, followed by major bust on Nov. 8. (Question: will Eastern Republicans, if beaten at Miami, do the broken record bit in '68?) . . . Quandary: Nixon keeps proclaiming he'll be through unless he wins big in first two primaries. Should liberals unite to try to defeat him in New Hampshire, Wisconsin when that might have effect of uniting conservatives behind Reagan? . . . **Maurice Stans**, Eisenhower's former Budget Director, inaugurating new "Committee of One Million"—one million Americans to put up one buck for Nixon candidacy . . . **Hubert Humphrey** in for new headaches at home. Minnesota Young Democratic-Farm-Labor organization has bolted national Young Democrats because "they are puppets of the Administration." . . . *Finance Magazine* poll of 400 top executives finds 65.1 per cent expect **Johnson** to win. But their preference is: Nixon first (31.5 per cent), Rockefeller second (23.6), Johnson third (11.2) . . . Complicating matters: **Herbert F. Hoover** (distant cousin of late President) has just filed to run in New Hampshire Republican primary as peace candidate.

■ As predicted (by us), Dr. **Benjamin Spock** has resigned as co-chairman of SANE. His ouster was expected: many of the original SANers violently opposed Spock's alliance with more radical forces. Spock's reason: so that he can spend more time on National Conference for a New Politics. . . . Activities of NCNP in Chicago worrying old-line liberals. Says **James Wechsler** of *N.Y. Post*: "Radical whites [in Chi-

cago] believed they were making history in fawning surrender on all issues of program, principle and procedure." Socialist **Michael Harrington**, while all for revolution, to be sure, warned black power radicals and their student allies: "I can count heads and I can assess power and I know they can't win [the revolution]. We must be aware of how powerful the white power structure is." . . . Cleavage along racial lines between



Punch

Ben Roth Agency

"If they do legalize pot it'll be so they can impose a thumping big tax on it."

whites and blacks demonstrated again last week when **Rufus Mayfield** of Washington D.C.'s Pride, Inc. commented on Father **James Groppi**: "Father Groppi has one thing wrong with him—his color." . . . Hanoi Traveler **Staughton Lynd** furious at Yale University President **Kingman Brewster** who—says Lynd—personally has reneged on promised tenure appointment. Lynd's contract at Yale runs out in 1969.

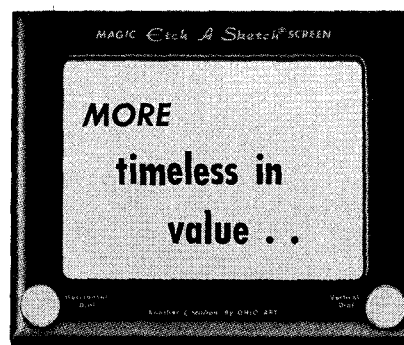
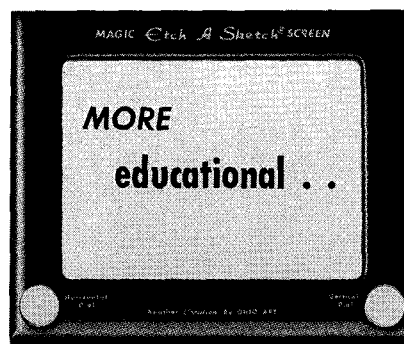
■ Conflicting reports: French news sources indicate Marshal **Abdel Hakim Amer** (Nasser's old side-kick) was poisoned by one of his doctors after being arrested. British papers say he

was forced to take poison by his jailers, old-Roman-style. With death of Amer, arrest of several hundred army officers, civilians seem to be making a comeback in Egyptian politics. . . . Investigators from **Bertrand Russell's** tribunal were in Middle East recently gathering data on Israeli war crimes against Arabs.

■ A Radio Moscow report broadcast to Japan says the **Red Chinese cultural revolution** has "made five million victims" among members of the Communist Party in China. Broadcast adds that 120 of the 180 members of the Central Committee have been "suppressed." . . . Despite Sino-Soviet split, members (remaining) of the Chinese Central Committee have been invited to attend Nov. 7 festivities in Moscow celebrating **50th Anniversary of October Bolshevik revolution**. . . . Latest country to get heave-ho from Red China is Tunisia. Peking has broken off diplomatic relations because Tunisia "has placed itself on the side of American imperialism."

■ Notes here and there: **W. H. Hutt**, the noted libertarian economist from Cape Town, quit Rampart College halfway through a five-year contract. His grounds: he believes that government *does* have the responsibility to secure liberty, and therefore that government isn't all bad. . . . Ill Wind Dept.: One effect of **Israeli-Arab war** has been siphoning off of funds from New York's far-far left subscription-supported radio station WBAI. WBAI lost out to United Jewish Appeal. . . . If you're a student and on the Dean's List or equivalent you'll get a break on auto insurance rates in a good many states next year. Actuarial charts show good students have fewer accidents than poorer students.

There's nothing **MORE** challenging . . .



than **Etch A Sketch®**
..favorite drawing toy of the century!

Just turn the magic knobs to create hundreds of designs and sketches on the magic Etch A Sketch screen. Shake to erase. Nothing else is needed. Instant fun wherever you are—at home, in plane or car.
NOW... AT TOY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE!

WORLD FAMOUS FOR QUALITY . . . THE

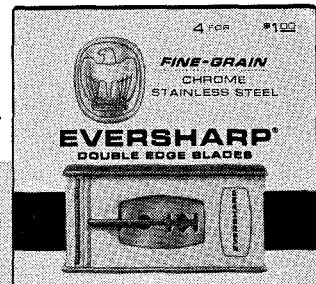


COMPANY • BRYAN, OHIO 43506
NEW YORK OFFICE: SUITE 628, 200 FIFTH AVENUE 10010
PHONE: (212) 242-6656

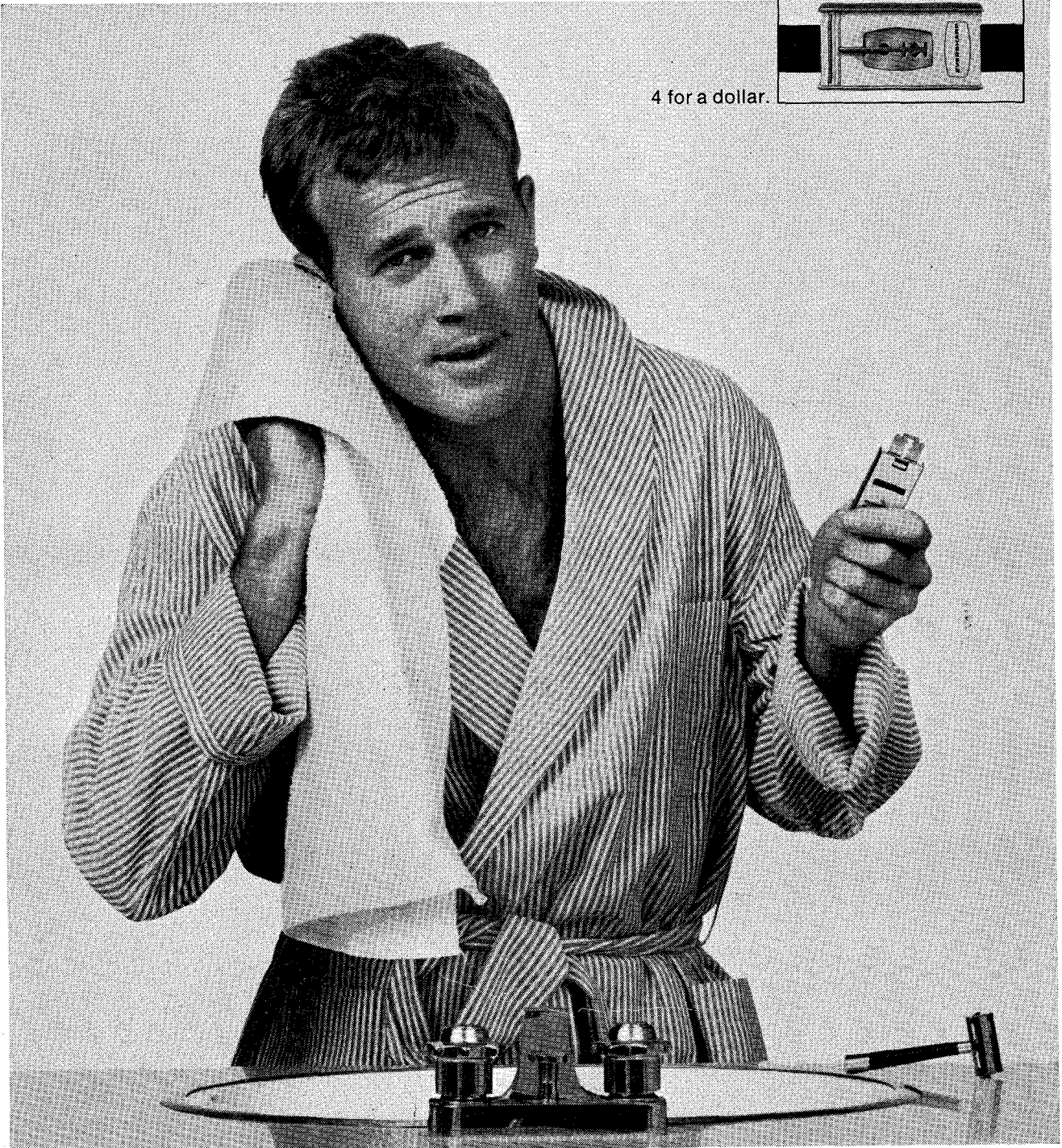
25¢ is a lot for a blade, but this is a lot of blade.

When it comes to shaving, my face comes first. You see, I've got problems. Lots of beard, sensitive skin. So I need a shave that makes my beard surrender without messing me up. Eversharp has the answer. New chrome stainless steel with a special convex edge and Miron® coating. They're new from Schick Science. Give your face a rest.

Pamper yourself.



4 for a dollar.



Let us prove it: Buy a pack of Eversharp double edge or Injector blades. Remove the pack of blades and send entire card, along with your name and address to: Eversharp, Inc., P.O. Box 50, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, California 90051. We'll rush your dollar back. Limit: one to a family, one to an address. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1967.

©1967 EVERSARP, INC.

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED